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A Shade from Limestone

While blood ran wild, for her he drew
  White yewan wood and stone;
And where the yewan wood was planed,
  The limestone married loam,
Rearing an airy house for her,
  With copings cleanly shown,
Against the air from Galway,
  As cool tunes of stone.

Such graceful tones have rarely paired
  On floors of mirrored stone,
As when those floors with her assumed
  The shine of sun on moon—
Those courtesies on borrowed lights,
  That shone from her and were
Embroideries in marble,
  And lace spun of air!

What wind has blown those lights away
  And shorn the polished stone,
Among a storm of thorn-boughs;
  Where broken years have grown
To less than her grave gentleness;
  And yet the books declare:
"His dream survives and shelters
  That tenant of air."

F. R. HIGGINS.

In April

Where hilly orchards bathe in their blue shade
Paling with apple blossom to the cream
That froths the flowing air,
She walked ; against her grey tweed dress the gleam
Of a brown, speckled trout her fingers swung,
As lithe as she, as swift and firmly made.
That she was beautiful I did not care—
I only thought with joy : How young ! How young !

I'll stop . . . Words can but parry the bare sword
That like the spring should but strike where it will.
There is less use in fitting word to word
Than in lying restless on this woody hill—
Breaking and peeling a young apple stick
Until it is as smooth and white as her neck.

H. Stuart.

Barnabe Rich and Ireland

I.

By Sean Ghall.

Barnabe Rich was one of a group of restless literary men who, in the stirring days of Queen Elizabeth, sought to suck the savours out of life on the battlefields of France, Flanders, or Ireland, like Churchyard, Barnabe Googe, Gascoigne, and Philip Sidney, or soldiers needing a fresher zest, found it on the high seas as honest sailors, daring corsairs, or as explorers, like Thomas Lodge and Raleigh, or who craved a vent for their inward fire and their imagination in a European tour, in roystering, in the wine cup, in the play of a rapier, like Robert Greene and Nashe. They had one idea in common, the tragic idea, that replete with experience of men and things, they could therewith earn daily bread by the pen. They cast aside, at times, their books for the sword, but soon were compelled to take up again what they had discarded. Fortune was deaf and blind to them so long as the sword or the pen remained their sole weapon. Each found that he rose no higher than "sometime secretary to Pierce Pennyless." "Literary men who were not physicians like Lodge (in his declining years), or shareholders in a theatre like Shakespeare, or subsidized by the Court like Ben Johnson, died of hunger in the gutter, or of indigestion at a neighbour's house, or of a sword thrust in the tavern. Therein is one of the peculiarities of the period."* Most of them found an early grave.

Precision was not a characteristic of the words of Barnabe Rich. In November, 1591, he declared that he had spent "the greater parts of 20 years" in the Queen's service in Ireland. Thus the first official notice: "July 17, 1573, Note of Lord Riche's armour and other furniture laden in the 'Black Bark,' wherein Barnabe Rich goeth to Ireland." I know of no authority for the constant statement that he served with Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, in the terrible attempt to conquer Ulster (1573–4), wherein men, women, youths and maidens were unsparingly put to the sword. Rich would have approved of such bloody execution. Routine garrison duty formed the dull staple of Rich's

* Jusserand: The English Novel in the time of Shakespeare, p. 151.

Irish military career. He tells us that he lay in command of 100 men in Coleraine (1584–5), when Sir John Perrott was Lord Deputy. In 1585, November, most of his band were killed in an encounter with the Irish Scots in O'Cathain's county whilst he himself was in Dublin. Three years later a proposal to put him in charge of four companies of infantry never materialised. Last scene of all in his military career: "Grant, under Queen's letter, 8th March, 1588–9, to Capt. Barnabe Rich, gentleman, of a pension of 2s. 6d. sterling a day for life, 6th February, 1589,"* in Irish money, £60 16s. 8d. per ann.

Rich's first book: "A right excellent and pleasant Dialogue between Mercury and an English Soldier" † (1574), has one illuminating passage for the student of Irish History. It details in verse, the hardships and cruelties incidental to the life of an English soldier of that age. Then the reader is unaccountably transported to the Court of Venus: neither she nor her Court interest us. John Lyly of "Euphues" fame was Rich's fantastic model. Here we lend ear:

"The Manner of chosing Souldiers in England.

"The Prince (Sovereign), or Council, sendeth down their warrant, to certain Commissioners, of every such shire where they mind to have such a number of Souldiers to be levied and appointed, the Commissioner he sendeth his precept to the high Constable of every Hundred, the high Constable of every Hundred, he giveth knowledge to every petty Constable of every Parish within his circuit, that upon such a day, he must bring 2 or 3 able and sufficient men, to serve ye Prince. The petty Constable when he perceiveth that wars are in hand, foreseeing the toils, the infinite perils, and the troublesome travills, that is incident to Souldiers, is loth that any honest man, through his procurement, should hazard himself amongst so many dangers, wherfore if within his office, there hap to remain any idle fellow, some drunkard, or seditious quarrellar, a privy picker, or such a one as hath some skill in stealing of a Goose, these shall be presented to the service of the Prince; and what service is to be looked for amongst such fellows, I think may easily be deemed."

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* *Fiants*, Eliz. *sub anno.*
† Spelling modernized. Title abbreviated.

Rich's words may be verified in the English Domestic State Papers. The Elizabethan Corporation records of Bristol, Chester, and Liverpool, exhibit the turbulent character of these conscripts on their way to Ireland. It was a time of terror for the townsmen whilst these soldiers were awaiting embarkation. Scaffolds were erected in the market places, stocks were set up, and the watch was increased. It is easy to imagine how they behaved when they reached Ireland. "Armed brigands," "lawless ruffians," "more dangerous to the country-folk of the English Pale than to the Irish enemy": some few opinions from Lord Deputies. The men themselves deserved a modicum of compassion. Their pay was so often in arrears that they had to resort to rapine. Barnabe Googe, an officer with Rich in Ireland, who wrote from experience, declared in his commendation of the latter's second book: "The Souldiers of England had alwayes one of three ends to looke for—to be slaine, to begge, or to be hanged." Shane O'Neill thus epitomised the "Complaint of the Inhabitants of the English Pale" against the lawless soldiery: The Queen would one day hear the lamentations of her faithful subjects of the Pale, "what intolerable burdens they endure of cess, taxes, and tallages both of corn, beefs, muttons, porks, and baks." The soldiers lived at free quarters; "they had their dogs and their concubines all the whole year along in the poor farmers' houses, paying in effect nothing for all the same." Sir Henry Sidney adds the finishing touch: "The Pale be weary and irk of us."

In Ireland "where there is no great choice of books (in English) to be had," Rich penned his second known pamphlet. His title-page generally promises more than the book itself contains. We give this title in full:

Allarme To England, for eshewing what perills are procured, where the people live without regarde of Martialle lawe.

With a Short discouery conteyning the decay of warlike discipline, conuenient to be perused by Gentlemen, such as are desirous by service, to seek their owne deserved prayse, and the preseruation of their country. Newly deuised and written by Barnabe Riche, Gentleman.

Malui me diuitem esse quam vocari. Perused and allowed.

1578.

[*On final leaf*]. Imprinted at London by Christopher Barker, Printer to the Queenes Maiestie.

There are three dedications: 1. To his noble patron, Sir C. Hatton; 2. To the gentle and friendly Reader; 3. To the Valiaunt Captaines and renowned Souldiers of England.

It is noteworthy in having commendatory matter from Barnabe Googe "to my loving friend, Captaine Barnabe Riche"; from Thomas Churchyard, Gentleman, and other literary military men unknown to fame.

Rich himself likewise runs to verse. At their highest his metrical measures are insipid, inane stuff. Charitably they may be given as alms to oblivion. Yet years passed ere he ceased "to ravel out his wits in rhyme." "My training has been more with my pike than with my pen; not in the schools among clerks, but in the fields among unlettered soldiers." Viewing his contributions to literature as a whole, he, like most authors, attained style only when he had something to say from out a full agitated mind, or a hot heart. When denouncing Catholicism, which he fiercely hated—"plucking the vizard from the Pope," or of railing at the national spirit of the Irish which refused to England the loyalty it gave to its own country—"rascals, rebels I would rather term them," "nuzzled from their cradles in the very puddle of Popery"; or when fulminating against "the disgusting" and "appalling sin" of smoking tobacco, or when bitterly gibing at the Women of To-Day (the oldest, the youngest, subject for abuse in History), her shamelessness, her extravagance on dress, Barnabe Rich often deviates into a simple vigorous, vivid, prose. As a novelist he is better than most of his contemporaries. When you go with him on excursions into the classics, into sacred or profane history, or into polemics he drags you into quaking bogs, fog-bound. You are convinced that he is depending on dreary indigested compilations for his data. Only an iron spirit of self-abnegation enables you to hearken to the end to his confused volubility. Modestly he affirms that although he is sounding the Alarm to his country, he is but "a poor bell-ringer." So he wishes to be guarded "from so many quipping taunts, which I know will be pronounced against me, by our carping cavillers, such as will be correcting every man's doing." He is at his best when lauding those pillars of the State, the professional soldiers, the mailed fist, and martial law. He proves his kinship to almost all sixteenth century Englishmen who have given their written opinions on Ireland. The sword alone should rule it. "To bring that country to quietness is

without compunction to punish the offenders, and without either grace or mercy to execute the rebels." There should be no pardons, only the sharp extinguishing "medicine" of the sword. All the manners and customs of the Irish were barbarous to an Englishman. Yet it was incomprehensible that English ways of thought and manners should be barbarous to the Irish. "The English whom naturally they do hate . . . . instead of liking, they fall to loathing anything that cometh from the English." Rich harps on this enigmatic string. "There is not a people under the face of Heaven that will sooner deride and mock at anything that is not in use and custom among themselves, than the Irish will do." * Our later historians have taught us that the boot was on the other leg.

Rich had intended to write a treatise on the discipline of wars, on "sundry battles," the manner of skirmishing, and on fortifications, as a sequel to "An Alarm." Happily for letters he put forth "loving histories which I did write in Ireland at a vacant time, before the coming over of James FitzMorice (Fitzgerald)." These stories occupy a prominent part in the development of one department of English literature. If they do not justify the judgment of earlier critics that Barnabe Rich was thus the creator of the English Novel, yet the scholarship of to-day gives him an honourable place among its originators.

"Riche his Farewell to Militarie profession: † conteining verie pleasaunt discourses fit for a peaceable tyme. Gathered together for the onely delight of the courteous Gentlewomen bothe of England and Irelande, for whose onely pleasure thei were collected together, And unto whom thei are directed and dedicated by Barnabe Riche, Gentleman.
Imprinted at London, by Robart Walley. 1581.

Lyly's "Euphues" was still the standard of perfection to the young bloods. Rich yields tribute to it by dedicating this work to "the courteous Gentlewomen both of England and Irelande for whose only pleasure thei were collected together." Here is a touch of his master's hand: "Now, gentlewomen, do you think there could be a greater torment devised, wherewith to afflict the heart of Silla?" "The Strange and Wonderful Adventures of Don Simonides," published soon afterwards, continues the imita-

*Rich: The Irish Hubbub.
† Eight Novels employed by English Dramatic Poets in the reign of Q. Elizabeth—Shakespeare Socy. reprint.

tion. To win feminine approval was necessary to the Euphuists. For this romance, too, was " for the amusement of our honourable ladies." " I truste (gentlewomen) when you shall perceive the zeale that I beare to my newe profession, although you will not presently admit me to the pulpit, yet you will not denaie me to be one of your parishe ; where, if it please you but to place me in the bodie of the churche, you shall finde my devotion as muche as he that kneles next the chauncell doore." " I see now it is lesse painfull to followe a fiddle in a gentlewoman's chamber, than to marche after a drumme in the feeld." Here he utters his heart's feelings : " Experience now hath taught me, that to bee of Mars his crewe, there is nothying but paine, travaill, tormoill, disquiet, colde, hunger, thirste, penurie, badde lodging, worse fare, unquiet slepe, with a number of other calamities that haps I knowe not how. And when a souldier hath thus served in many a bloudie broile, a flap with a foxe taile shall bee his beste reward, for I see no better recompence than any of them can gette."

Imagination alone is responsible for what follows : " Now contrary to bee of Venus bande, there is pleasure, sporte, joye, solace, mirthe, peace, quiet reste, daintie fare, with a thousande other delites . . . . and a man, havyng served but a reasonable tyme, maie sometymes take a taste at his mistres lippes for his better recompence." Shapespeare utilized this story of Silla for the chief incidents in his " Twelfth Night." Rich was beholden to Belleforest, " Histoires Tragiques," who had translated it into French from the Italian of Bandello.

In one respect Barnabe Rich differed from Greene, Lyly, Ascham, and other Elizabethans, he did not insistently sing his " noble England's praise." They saw the glory and the splendour of those intoxicating days. Rich believed that all virtue had fled from his native land. " What pride, what coveteousnesse, what whooredome, what glotonie, what blasphemie, what riot, what excesse, what dronkennesse, what swearyng, what briberie, what extortion, what usurie, what forgerie, what vice in generall, is daiely entertained and practized in Englande." In a wider sense than Stephen Gosson he was a whole " School of Abuse " in himself. Yet looking at his country's place in the sun, he can merge the Jeremiah in the patriot : " For who knoweth not what an eye sore this little ile of Englande hath been to the whole worlde, and how long have we lived (as it were) in contempt of

suche countries as be our next neighbours, who still enveighyng our quiet and happie government, have practized, by as many devises as thei could, to bring us into their owne predicament, had it not been the onely providence of God that preserved us ? . . . . First, the Frenche has been our enemies by nature ; the Scottes by custome ; the Spanyardes for religion ; the Duche, although we have stoode them in greate steade, and holpe them at many a pinche, yet I coulde buye as much freendshipp as thei do all owe us for a barrell of Englishe beere. If we should goe any further, then wee come to the Pope, the Turke, and the devill, and what frendship thei beare us, I think every one can imagine." For the moment we shall shut our ears to his wholesale inveighings against Fashion and Foppery.

He remained in London for some time planning with Thomas Lodge a long series of popular tracts. Here he consorted with Lyly, Greene, Nashe, Drayton, and other of the lesser notables in literature. It is unlikely that one whose dour outlook on morals was so intensely puritanical could have remained on intimate terms long with such rake-hells as Lodge, Nashe, and Greene. He probably met young Shakespeare, Gosson, and Gabriel Harvey. There is one pleasing characteristic of some of these writers—their readiness to help one another. Rich supplied Churchyard with notes for his " True Discourse of the Netherlands," and he, as we have seen, contributed to the former's " Alarm to England."

Lodge acted as literary guide and adviser to Rich, for a time, Rich wrote verses for Lodge. The fierce antagonisms, the literary jealousies so prevalent, found no counterpart in Rich. Indeed, he mentions neither his aiders nor detractors.

Only by " Greenes Newes both from Heuen and Hell " (1593) has any Irish interest prior to those works, like a " Looking Glass for Ireland," which are wholly devoted to the Emerald Isle and its religion (1599). This interest is not deep—merely the repetitive outbursts against Catholicism and the rebels. The dedication to " Gregory Coole, chief burgomaster of Clonard," " at his chaste chambers at Dublin " is intended as farce, no doubt. Robert Greene was the pretended author. We know from Nashe's words that Rich had attained popularity among the London tradesmen. In " Have with you to Saffron Walton " Nashe wrote: " A rich spirit quoth— A ? nay then, a spirit in the way of Honesty too. Loe ! this is to be read on nothing but Barnaby Riche's workes."

But fame did not carry money with it. Although he frequently complained of "his poor pay" as an army captain, yet it probably saved him from the acrid misery of starvation, as so many abler literary men knew it. "It is but a thriftless and a thankless occupation," averred Rich (1610), "this writing of books; a man were better to sing in a cobbler's shop, for his pay is a penny a patch; but a book-writer, if he get sometimes a few commendations of the judicious, he shall be sure to reap a thousand reproaches of the malicious."

A Stroke

By George Manning-Sanders.

A squinting fisherman was bending over a tubby old man who sat on the grass, with his back against a boat.

The villagers came hurrying to see what was the matter.

"Oh its James, and the old rogue is drunk, eh?" said a laughing woman.

"No, that he's not," said the squinting man. "For just now, I did see him walking along quite steady; but of a sudden he stood stock still and flopped down like a sack of shavings. I ran to raise him up, but it was as if all sense and power had gone from him; he could neither stand or speak, so I sent a boy up along to fetch his daughter down to him."

"How's things then James, boy?" a fisherman bellowed encouragingly.

But the sitting man made no reply, nor gave any sign that he had heard. His puffy face was expressionless; his small blue eyes stared vacantly across the sea.

"I've always reckoned that James did carry too much flesh for a man of seventy-three years," croaked a lean old woman; "he's most like having a fit now, and when it's past he'll die off sudden. See how greeny he's going, and how his lips and whiskers do tremble!"

"It's the colour reflecting from off the boat is tinting him so," said a young woman; "and if he's anyways ill or like to die, he should be lifted and carried into shelter out of this blistering sun heat."

The squinting man shook his head knowingly. "If it had been any other man than this mischief-making old James had fallen, I'd have had him taken straight away into my cottage yonder; but James has a funny sort of temper, and I didn't want to be mixed up in any unpleasantness. That's why I sent word to his married daughter, Rebecca, that he do share house with—he may give heed to her."

The group murmured agreement. An old sail was brought and spread across oars to make a shade for James, and his dented bowler hat was tilted protectingly on his bald forehead. A woman brought a cup of tea and held it patiently to his unrespon-

sive lips. The group discussed the flaws of the old man's character, and recalled all the sudden and peculiar ailments that had seized men in the parish. And so the time passed pleasantly till the panting boy came back from his errand.

"Well!" demanded the squinting man, "is that Rebecca coming?"

"No she is not—she's gone to St. Nicholas feast and taken the childer with her."

"Then you should have gone to her man, Bob, across at the farm where he labours; he's a tender-hearted chap; he'd have come down for to take charge of James."

"I did that—I went seeking Bob, but he'd just gone off to town with a horse and wagon to fetch back a load of patent manure."

"Well, neighbours, here's a pretty fine go," said the squinting man, "I reckon the best thing is for us to bear James up over the hillside, for when a man is so far gone, either in obstinacy or illness, he's best in his own home."

"Aye, let's do it now and have done with it," said a fisherman.

A hand-barrow was brought, the limp James was laid on it, and eight men bore him slowly over the sands towards his home. But as they began to climb the steep cliff path, James, being head down, recovered, and said feebly. "Hullo—hullo, what's doing then, eh,—what game is this?"

The barrow was lowered, and James, sitting up stiffly, tried to get off it. But he could not move his feet, and fright came into his small eyes, and his puffy face seemed to shrink. "There's something wrong with my legs," he whimpered, "they're like a thing gone dead, just as if they did belong to some other man."

"Come on—we'd best get him up to his own place," said the squinting man; "for if he does perish here afore our very eyes, we'll all be bothered and questioned by Crowner at his inquest."

So the hurrying bearers began to carry the whimpering James up to the cottage. But when they stood panting before the bright blue door, they found that it was locked.

"Break it open," said James from the barrow.

"No fear," said the squinting man; "for if we do, Bob will look to us to mend it—or maybe give him a new door."

"Rebecca is due to come back at dusk—leave me snug in the shade of the bushes," said James.

The bearers considered the suggestion.

"It looks like rain blowing in from the sea," counselled the squinting man, and if we do leave him exposed to the elements, one of us will have to bide nigh him. And if ought happens amiss to James, Crowner may say we should have done this or that. The right and proper place for a stricken man is safe inside his own four walls. How about them windows?"

None of the windows were unfastened. They scraped away the brittle putty from a frame, and lifting out the pane of glass, unlatched the window. The smallest man of the company was about to climb in to see if he could open the door, when the squinting man held him back. "Do no such thing," said he; "for if you do the like and there's ought of gear and ornaments missing from the cottage, there'll be talk that we made free with 'em. We want to do all that's right and proper for James, poor soul, but we don't want to be mixed up in any unpleasantness. What about those three chairs so handy by the window—he'd rest very cosy there, till his kindred came back from their jollifications."

This scheme being approved, James was squeezed through the little window and poised on the three chairs. Then the pane of glass was scrupulously replaced, and the bearers dispersed as rapidly as they could.

At dusk, Rebecca came back with a child sleeping in her arms and another dragging at her skirts. The eldest child unlocked the door, and then Rebecca sent him into the little parlour to fetch a box of matches from the mantelpiece. There followed a tinkle of breaking china, and the child rushed back headlong to his mother, scattering marches about the kitchen.

"God save us," cried the weary Rebecca, "don't stand there jibbering and gaping, but speak up and own to what it is you've a-broke. If it's that china man and woman, I'll give you such a lacing that . . ."

"Its a ghost, and it's laying on three chairs," cried the frightened child.

Holding a candle in one hand and a poker in the other hand, Rebecca went to the parlour door, the terrified children peering closely behind her. "Why, it's only father," she said in loud relief, "that's taken more beer, seemingly than he can carry."

The accusation brought home to James the full sense of his calamity. "I'm struck," he wailed, "in the prime of my old age. I've been hit by the Lord God of Hosts for my sins. He has made my two legs to be like two mighty oak trees that's been riven and blasted by a fork of lightning, and I do lie in fear of instant death."

"You don't take me in so easy—you drink-soaked old rip," cried Rebecca shrilly, "and it's no use your mouthing scripture in the hope that I'll be sucked in by it either, because I won't. I know better than to believe the Lord would take any sort of interest in your legs—get up to once, I say, or I'll fetch you a scat with this poker that will drive all such rigs clean out of your head-piece for ever."

"It took me down to cove, and the boys did bear me up over the cliff like one that was dead and gone, Rebecca," said the old man pathetically. "I've had a stroke, and it's sapped the power out of both my legs, and I feel death moving slow but sure across me."

The children began to cry then, and Rebecca, quieting them, ran to fetch her husband from the public house on the high road. She brought him into the cottage, and he smelt so strongly of horses, artificial manure, and beer, that the children began to sneeze.

"I hear tell that you're as good as gone around land," said Bob shyly, holding a candle perilously near his father-in-law's whiskers.

"Aye, I'm nigh done for, boy," said old James mournfully, "and if there's anything left over from the high words that you and me have shared together, I forgive you all that freely."

"Have you any pain vexing you at all?"

"I have not, boy; the Lord has spared me such."

Husband and wife left James in the dark parlour, and when they had sent the children up to bed with a hunk of bread each, they considered together, over a pot of tea, what was best to be done.

"A doctor should see him, by rights," said Bob.

"It would only be a waste of money, because either he's shamming wickedly, or else he's going dead slowly, from the legs upward."

Bob drank tea noisily and pondered. "Well, it's easy to see if he's shammocking."

"How?"

"Give me a big needle, woman, and I'll soon come to the rights of this as well as any doctor could."

Rebecca gave her husband a rusty darning needle, and he went into the old man on a pretence of making him more comfortable. And soon he came back to his wife, grinning and wiping the needle on his coat.

"It's true what he do say, Rebecca—every word of it. For I've a-pricked his two legs here and there, fine and deep, without as much as a squeak or a start from him."

"Then he's like one dying by inches," said Rebecca sorrowfully, "and most likely he'll go out with the tide. What time does the water ebb this night?"

"Don't know for certain, but some time atween midnight and daybreak for sure."

"He's been a good father, except for his bad old ways and his religion," said Rebecca wiping her eyes. "Still, there it is, and I only wish he'd lasted out a few days longer; then he'd have drawn his old age pension, for though he's insured for funeral expenses, ten pound don't go far."

"Should be fifteen to do it all proper," said Bob yawning, "and it's a great shame that a man's last box and the bit of soil he do rest in, should cost so much. I'll have a black serge suit and a stiff white shirt out of it, mind."

"Yes, and I'll have a coat of some nice softish cloth with a hat and a feather to match."

In the midst of their estimation, they remembered the old man lying helpless in the other room. "There's like to be a Crowner's Court held over him to-morrow," said Bob importantly; "so we'd best bring down our brass knobbed bed and lay him on it, and set a clean night shift upon him—all in readiness."

They toiled to get the iron bed to pieces, and carried it and a feather mattress down the crooked stairs into the little, mouldy-smelling parlour. James felt rather proud that all these unusual labours were being done for him. He gave helpful advice as to the arrangement of the room. He was undressed, and washed, and laid on the bed, and then he asked for food and drink. They

brought it to him, and after he had eaten with small appetite, they left him in darkness and went overhead to lie on old clothes laid upon the floor.

Rebecca was too excited to sleep. She kept turning from side to side, thinking actively on how she would spend that ten pounds. "And it's happened nice and handy, Bob," she was saying over and over again till her awakened husband asked why. "Because to-morrow is market day, to be sure, and we can go into the town cheaper on the motor bus. I might so well take in the childer and rig 'em up in black clouts. Yes, and I'll get fairy cakes and raisin wine too. We don't want to do it over grand, but we don't want anyone saying that we skimped father's burying."

Many times the weary farm labourer dropped off to sleep, only to be awakened by his restless wife asking advice as to where she should buy the fairy cakes and the splits that should be thickly buttered and liberally spread with strawberry jam. "And after all, Bob, a man only dies once, and if poor father's bit of insurance money don't do it comfortable, we'll not grudge a few extra shillings from what we've put by, eh?"

"That's so, for nothing looks so poor as a mean burying," said Bob sleepily; "and there must be slices of cold ham, and bottles of beer in plenty, for such helps to pass the time away."

In the morning, just as the first dismal light of dawn was in the room, Rebecca, who had not slept at all, arose from the hard resting place, and went down stairs softly. She opened the parlour door and stood looking in upon her father. The old man's mouth was wide open; he breathed heavily in regular sleep.

Rebecca went back and awoke her husband with the news. "There's no hurry—it's a bit early for him to have gone yet; wait an hour more," said Bob irritably.

But two hours later, James was not only alive, but he was eating his breakfast with some amount of relish. "It's what they do call a flash in the pan, but he's almost sure to fail and collapse on a sudden once for the day," said Bob, as he prepared to set off to his labour.

"Then I'll lock the cottage up safe, and I'll take the childer in to the town, and buy all that's needful," said the greatly excited wife; "and I'll go first thing to the insurance agent and ask him for to pay me the ten pounds in coin."

"No fear, he won't do no such thing—he'll not do that unless you show a signed doctor's certificate to prove that old James is gone."

"Then I'll have to rip the leather bag out from the feather mattress, and borrow enough money from it to make a funeral that won't shame the living or the dead."

"That's the talk—and don't forget the bottled beer," said Bob, as he went, whistling cheerfully, toward the farm.

In a great flurry of haste, Rebecca made her preparations and soon she and the children, all dressed in their best, were running along the high road toward the place where the motor bus stopped. And she told everyone she knew, just why she was going into the town, and she invited many people to come to her father's funeral in four days' time. In the town she became so interested in the shopping, that they missed the last bus home, and so they had to walk, heavily laden with parcels, ten miles through the starlit night.

They came, almost dropping with fatigue to their home, and saw both the downstairs windows brightly lit. James was singing hymns noisily in the parlour, and Bob was crouched sulkily over the kitchen fire.

"Suppose that's poor father's last spasm, what they call," said Rebecca, scattering parcels on the kitchen table.

"No fear—he'll never die. For a doctor that's staying down to cove, he heard of the accident and he came up; and he says James' legs are useless to ever again bear weight, and that he's like to live all the longer from having to keep himself steady."

The weary Rebecca sat down and began to cry; the tired children began to howl; and old James, thinking this expressed sympathy for him, began to sing hymns more loudly.

"Anyway, a great blasting stroke like that would have killed off most men," said Rebecca drying her cheeks; "and as for this nice food—why we'll be able to eat it ourselves now, without sharing it out to those gluttons that do trapse around to fill their ugly kipes at every burying. The black clouts will always come handy, too, if ever they should be needed."

Bob began to laugh, and slap his thigh. "Aye, James has done the Government proper, missis, for he's like to go on drawing his ten shillings a week pension till he's as old as the hills."

"I'll be bound he will—for father is very wilful when his mind is set on a thing," cried Rebecca cheerfully.

Soon the husband and wife were eating ham and bread; the children were gorging fairy cakes, and old James was munching splits heavily buttered and liberally spread with strawberry jam. And they all began to feel that they were feasting because of the triumph of life over death.

Poetry and Patriotism

A Dream-Anthology.

We have had so many anthologies of Anglo-Irish verse in recent years that one hesitates expressing a wish for still another. Yet I have often thought of the need of a little volume that would contain the best of the patriotic poems and ballads written during the past thirty years—a definite period of literary activity which coincided with the political activity that has ended in national autonomy. Such a volume, with its pages reflecting many of the moods of deep emotion and pulsing passion of a very vivid phase of our history, would be at once a memorial of the past, and an inspiration to the future.

The recent large anthologies, representative of the whole period of Anglo-Irish poetry, have with all their excellences never reached the masses of the people at all. One seems desirable that would be, for the popular imagination, the same stimulant as volumes like *The Poetry and Ballads of Young Ireland* have been in the past. Rhetoric and sentiment are poor imaginative food, and have been losing their strength with a changed and changing national consciousness. It may be, indeed, that our concept of patriotism is enlarging—that we have begun to feel it as an emotion which may sometimes be as deep-hearted and tender in other expressions as in that political idealism which has generated so many heroisms and chivalries. But the anthology I plead for, while it would have all the passionate love of country of a Young Ireland anthology, would contain more of the rich wine of poetry—it would in finer images and richer rhythms lament our fallen dead and sing hopes for the future.

As I have suggested, its pages would cover that period, beginning with those early quickenings of literary activity more than a quarter of a century ago which coincided with the stirrings of a new nationalism. Strong undercurrents of mutual sympathy began to blend between these two from the very first. That sympathy strengthened as each developed, one into the richest outbursts of Anglo-Irish poetry, the other into the most effective of Irish political movements we have known. The nature of the subtle kinship between them provokes interesting speculation. Did the same complex influences, the same spiritual forces preside over the birth of each ? Did the tumult of emotion generated in

the country by a movement for national independence stimulate its dormant æsthetic centres, inspiring singers and writers and enlisting them as allies during its travail? Or did the elusive spirit of earlier singers, moving here and there and working its mysterious will, kindle dreams and fan smouldering fires?—does that poet claim overmuch for his craft who sang:

> We are the movers and shakers
> Of the world for ever, it seems.
>
> . . . .
>
> With wonderful deathless ditties
> We build up the world's great cities.
> One man with a dream at pleasure
> Shall go forth and conquer and crown,
> And three with a song's new measure
> Can trample an Empire down.

Whatever the secret of their sympathetic harmony, poet and patriot would seem to have then, as in every period of political passion that has its springs in idealism, caught "light and heat from each other's thoughts." And above the storm and drang the music of song and ballad seemed at times to respond strangely and sensitively to the waverings of popular enthusiasm.

Both activities were the most concrete expressions of a national awakening that marked the years of chaos and turmoil after Parnell's death. The minds of the young turned from the sordid realism of futile party strifes and from a selfish agrarian movement. They sought inspiration in their country's heroic past. Out of the communion were born many enthusiasms and a spirit that became carnate in new forces which, gradually merging, swept the whole country into a movement for national regeneration. About the same time as that revolt from a debased tradition of nationalism, the poets began to break from current literary conventions. They too went back for inspiration to the older Gaelic world, to its poetry and legend. And soon the long silence that marked the sterile years of the land agitation was broken by songs that had new notes and reproduced much of the old Gaelic glamour and beauty.

In some ways the new political movement resembled that of Young Ireland fifty years before. Both had their origin in a similar reaction and both were marked by an intellectual awakening, though the later singers seemed in less intimate alliance with the national cause. But in some respects, too, they had little in common. The *Nation* poets have left us more than one anthology of songs and ballads—flamboyant, sentimental, melodramatic. Modelled largely, too, on the style of second-rate English poets. Mangan, indeed, wrote at times fine songs and, though less moved by the passions of the time, has strangely enough given us a rapturous political poem that is imperishable. And others too that will stir and inspire when the verse of his contemporaries is forgotten. The later poets, less rhetorical and sentimental, show a more subtle technique, more restrained emotion, a more delicate music. And when they are moved by political passion, it springs more from love than hatred.

One of them in his early verses told us of his desire to be numbered among their company

> Who sang to sweeten Ireland's wrong
> Ballad and story, rann and song,

and within the covers of my dream-anthology there would be many shining pages of his honeyed music. That passionate hymn of patriotism, *Red Hanrahan's Song about Ireland*, would trouble and stir the imagination of many a young Irishman who would read it there for the first time. *Sixteen Dead Men* would be in it and *The Rose-Tree* with its tender

> "But where can we draw water"
> Said Pearse to Connolly
> "When all the wells are parched away?
> Oh, plain as plain can be
> There's nothing but our own red blood
> Can make a right Rose-Tree."

His wistful song, too, on yellow haired Donagh out of that play which has always seemed to me one of the spiritual forces that helped later to light the torch at Easter. Nor would *Innisfree*

be forgotten, for it expresses—and with unforgetable beauty—the emotions of all Irish exiles.

There would be exultant pages from that seed-sower of the dawn, Lionel Johnson, whose poems of rapturous devotion to Ireland must have inspired many hearts then and since. One thinks of his *Ireland's Dead, Ways of War, The Red Wind, The Dead of Ninety-Eight,* and others, that burn with such intensity of passion. Outside Mangan's *Dark Rosaleen* what song of Forty-Eight has lines of ecstasy like these out of *Ireland's Dead ?*

Mother dear and fair to us
Ever thus to be adored
Is thy sword grown timorous
Mother of Misericord ?

For thy dead is grief on thee ?
Can it be thou dost repent
That they went, thy chivalry,
Those sad ways magnificent ?

The early days that seem so far-off now would supply much fine material for its contents. Out of them came the stirring political songs of Alice Milligan and William Rooney and a sweet singer now almost forgotten, Thomas Boyd—all of them influences that helped in no small way the shaping of after-events. Alice Milligan's *Song of Freedom* can still thrill :

There is no King can rule the waves
There is no fetter for the sea ;

while Boyd's *Banba,* and *I Bring a Sword* are among the finest political verses I know. Stephen Gwynn's memorable *Ballad of Defeat* belongs to that period and the splendid *Fontenoy* of Emily Lawless, and there was a plaintive song-maker from the North, Ethna Carbery. Many of P. J. McCall's rousing ballads must have then been carried far and wide—I remember more than a decade ago in the early Volunteer days a country district where, after drill, groups of the young men used to tramp home under the stars singing his marching songs. And there were many political folk-ballads from Joseph Campbell like *The Beggar's Wake* and *The Prophecy :*

The strong shall go down
And the weak shall prevail
And a glory shall sit
On the sign of the Gaodhal.

Coming down the years one would meet with many patriotic poems for culling from the delicate work of Seumas O'Sullivan—tender requiems for fallen fighters, passionate lyrics, too, reminiscent of the Gaelic O'Bruadair in their bitter scorn. Who of us has not passed sometime with bowed head under that Dublin Memorial to the spoilers of a distant nation's liberty ? O'Sullivan sings it as *The Traitor's Gate.*

. . . . unashamed and hideous stands
The granite built by servile hands
And (God have pity) underneath
Hangs on the lamp the withered wreath,
Bend down and read upon the stone
The name, half blotted out—*Wolfe Tone.*

A gleaning of the large amount of verse inspired by that central crisis of the political movement, the Easter Insurrection, would furnish many worthy poems and ballads. James Stephens' *Spring* is one of the finest in its dignity and the stately rhythm of its music :

Be green upon their graves, O happy Spring
For they were young and eager who are dead.
Of all things that are young and quivering
With eager life be they rememberéd :
They move not here, they have gone to the clay
They cannot die again for liberty.

Æ, too, wrote a fine eulogy. His longer and more beautiful *Michael* has the Easter Rising as its central theme also—the story of the young Donegal Gael who died behind a " fragile barricade "—and from it purple passages could be taken for such an anthology. I remember plaintive dirges by others like Dora Sigerson and Seumas O'Kelly, and from a far-away Flanders trench Francis Ledwidge sent at the time more than one

lament. Nor could one forget the verses of some of that event's heroic figures like MacDonagh and Pearse.

Other singers rise up in one's memory—recent ones whom one associates with the later stages of the national movement like Daniel Corkery. He has crystallised in more than one song the moods of patriotic passion which swept that Southern countryside, where there were so many stirring events, and has sung

> . . . . the peasant lads who gave their blood
> In skirmishes of no renown.

From the many national journals of thirty years past, there would surely be gleaned, too, some verse worthy of inclusion. I call to mind a long ballad of beauty, *The Old Woman Remembers*, by Lady Gregory, which appeared in *The Irish Statesman* a good while ago. And I think what a splendid close it would make for such an anthology. R.H.

A Note on Light

By J. F. MacCabe.

The Victorian period will be properly appraised by a future age, when remoteness makes the writer passionless. But, all the same, that chronicler will lose, as well as gain, from his detachment. The Victorian writers were more than fond of the term "Dark Ages." It was always used to convey a sense of their own superiority. In these later times we are entitled to speak of the Victorian epoch as the "Twilight Age." Twilight it was, both physically and mentally. They darkened their towns and their minds by smoke, physical and mental. They produced enormously overcrowded towns, the smoke of which obscured the sun, and they looked upon their work and considered it to be very good indeed, and they hugged themselves on reading the figures of each succeeding census. Nowadays, we who read vital statistics rather than any mere counting of heads, are getting so uncomfortable about our heritage that there is a great business doing in Town Planning and Smoke Abatement legislation. But even for the Victorians there is excuse. They were uplifted by a belief that they had solved all the secrets of time and eternity. Not all of them, of course. There was Pasteur, and there was Faraday. These approached the terrible secrets amidst which we are permitted to have our being with that humility which, with other things added, is the only key to knowledge.

But the Victorians did as much evil. They left us with buildings, and still worse, building lines, of streets and terraces which will do harm as long as they are permitted to exist. The sun is so often shut out, the sun which is our most vital necessity in the physical world. If the sun died out, our doom would be immediate. The cold of inter-stellar space would dispatch us to the destinations that are waiting. Meanwhile we should make the most of the sun whilst it shines and we live.

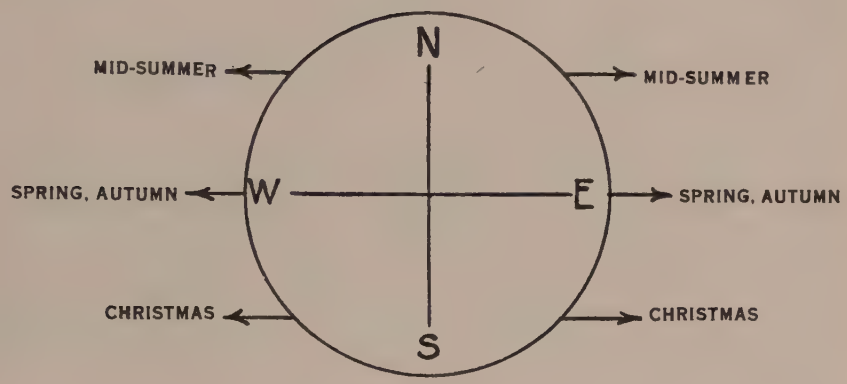
This brief note will surely commend itself to that side of the modern mind which is commercial. A cash-value is now put on sunlight. If you are ill, artificial sunlight is prescribed. If merely run down by overwork, the same prescription is handed out. The term artificial as applied to sunlight carries with it an incongruity, not without an element of blasphemous obscenity. So it is better to have the sun, the real sun, in our own houses. The world is slowly

beginning to recapture some of the lost knowledge of the Middle Ages. We begin again to worship the sun. The animals (of whose " instinct " the Victorians spoke with a patronage that was a convenient cloak for a real ignorance) follow the sun. The care with which a dog will shift with the moving patch of sunlight from a window must have been noticed by everyone. And the cats are even more acute. The farm-yard cock becomes vocal even before the dawn. He heralds the daily miracle of resurrection.

The printed diagram herewith is really worth everyone's serious attention. Diagrams are things disliked, but this is one that at least displays facts as simple as they are vital. The more of sunlight one gets, the better is it for all the physical and mental processes. To begin with, only twice in the year does the sun really rise in the exact east and set in the west, and that is at the beginning of spring and autumn. The rising and setting points at mid-summer and Christmas differ, in these latitudes, by nearly a complete right angle. How many people have knowledge of the fact ? Very few of the city-dwellers. Astronomers know it, and so do the country folk and the seamen. And another unescapable fact is this, any room which is lighted only by windows facing north cannot, for six whole months of the year, have a single gleam of sunlight into it or even passing its windows. Such a room will be forever unhealthy. And how many tenement rooms are there in Dublin whose only light is from the north ? The answer is that no one has even started to count the number. And there are hospitals in Dublin with numerous rooms facing north. These are not places wherein to go for healing.

There are some outstanding lessons to be learnt from this simple diagram. To begin with, the merit of the detached house is apparent. One side of it necessarily faces north, of course, but a room can always have an east or west window. Or an east *and* a west window. Thus can the changing seasons be prevented from robbing us of a vital necessity. We cannot all attain to the ideal of our own plot of country. Many are forced to be in-dwellers, and live in streets and terraces. Broadly, but precisely, the street running north and south is the best possible, and the worst is one running from east to west. And of all intermediate stages, the measure of merit is the angle the building line makes with the meridian. East and west gets the zero mark, whilst north and south is given full marks. The rarity of occurrence of the line of

SUN SETS. DUBLIN. SUN RISES.



This outline diagram refers to Dublin, and shows the position of sunrise and sunset at the four cardinal points of the year. Christmas and Midsummer (St. John's Day) are two. The other pair are shown as Spring and Autumn. Lady Day and Michaelmas are reasonably accurate dates by which they may be fixed. The sun appears to us to be moving day by day either north or south, in its rising and setting points, and with this horizontal motion there is a corresponding alteration in its height over the horizon at noon. Both these apparent motions alter in speed. At midsummer and Christmas the daily change is hardly perceptible. The sun appears to stand still. At spring and autumn the movement is rapid, and therefore noticeable.

It will be noted from inspection of the diagram that at spring and autumn the sun rises due east and sets due west. At Christmas it rises and sets at the midsummer angles, but south instead of north. And, further, the diagram shows, that for the whole six months of autumn and winter the sun cannot shine on the north side of buildings set due east and west.

On June the 22nd of this year the sun rose at Dublin 48 degrees, 12 minutes, 6 seconds east of north, *i.e.*, about north-east. This figure is calculated for the latitude of the true central point of Dublin. It set at a corresponding angle west of north. The rising and setting points are always symmetrical on any given day. At Fair Head the sun went very perceptibly further north at rising and setting. Mizzen Head had London conditions of daylight.

Acknowledgment is due to Lieutenant W. E. Meade, R.N.R., (extra) Master Mariner, upon whose calculations this Time-Azimuth diagram is based.

J. F. M.

maximum merit even nearly coinciding with the actual building line here in Dublin suggests that the people who laid out the one did not even know of the existence of the other.

We live in high latitudes. The latitude of London is that of Mizzen Head. So all Ireland is north of Greenwich. Therefore, the sun, even at noon, is low in altitude for a great portion of the year, and during that period a very ordinary building can cut off the sunlight for hundreds of feet. So the narrow street is an evil. And the bye-law building period produced houses with narrow frontages, and in order to get room to live, " returns " were added. These parasitic excrescences act as light-stoppers to their parents as well as to their neighbours. The bye-law system was begotten of capitalism, and there are many who fear that " Town Planning " may take an equally evil course. What is wanted is an intelligent Towns (Evils of) Abatement Act. Modern transport has made such an Act possible. And in that direction is a place in the sun and hope for our civilisation and for those who are yet to come.

Two Aristocrats

By L. MacManus.

The middle-aged man came into the house with a feeling as if he were walking into a great rock tomb. The impression was made of many threads, uncounted, unmeasured, and hated. Then he sat down in the wide hall and the feeling trailed away.

He had come back from the little, mean, arid town where the new aristocracy lived, prosperous men behind their counters, with private houses expensively furnished, attached to their shops. Men now just as civil to him as to their equal.

He bent forward, his arms folded on his knees, and his grey austere eyes gradually took a look of far away attention. He had passed out of the present, but his thoughts were as pied birds hopping from lawn to lawn in cloudy fields. They bound his will, followed no order, obeyed no chain of sequence. Time rolled up before them; they bandaged the years and calendar out of sight; swaythed three centuries as if they were an hour. Years did not matter; only incidents. There was the incident of the ancestor who had come over with authority from Elizabeth. He had come from somewhere in Kent, scarcely more than a yeoman. But he had good looks, address, and an adroit gift of flattery, and she gave him a grant of two hundred thousand Irish acres. He bought a heritable quality, a pride that blossomed savagely in his years of power.

A pied thought sent its bill into another incident. Out of the many marriages it seized upon the marriage with Olivia, the daughter of a duke. She brought the pure English blood in again. She stablelized the heirloom of pride. What ever was vulgar in it she removed. She reshaped and strengthened it. It became the kind of thing kings might use.

There was the incident of the night of furious gambling. Fifty thousand acres gambled away in a few hours, won back the next night. The figure that moved there had a portrait and a coffin in the vault with tatters of red velvet. The eyes in the portrait were like turquoise; eyes of a man whom no one had mastered.

And there was the big travelling coach hung on leather bands, with ormolu, and scenes painted on the panel. A great-grandfather in his case of pride put six black horses to it, and went out to meet his guest—a viceroy—and brought him back between a mile of tenants standing bare-headed, saluting.

Like a sharp yellow bill a thought pecked at dead things, withered petals of tulips; distinctions; Lord Lieutenant of the county; a seventeenth honour; patronage, power; Foreman of the Grand Jury before the Local Government Act; landlord of two hundred thousand acres; high among the chief magnates of the province. The incident was that these things were gone, they had never belonged to him. They had been his ancestors; some had been his father's.

The birds had come too near the present; he felt the rock tomb about him again; he saw at his feet his fallen pride. He visualized it, the magnificent garment so many of his forefathers had worn. It was trampled, soiled, torn in two. It was a beggarman's coat. Its draggled splendour had something lacking; had always had, he saw. The personalities of the men before him had shaped it. But not one had given it the thing it wanted. It was no knightly robe. It was a pedler's. Had not some one written that his order had gone down without honour? The pride they wore was woven of self; its trappings were brass, not gold.

But he knew its ravelled threads were on his hands, his arms, bent neck, his thin faded hair; entangled about his heart. Was the heart the seat of pride, or the head? Many threads crossed and re-crossed around it. They had colours, just as every thing in nature had. They were separate, yet entwined; they had order, yet confusion. They were association, affection, courage. In obedience to them he had remained while great houses were being closed down, demesnes sold, and men and women of his class were running away to England, the land of their ancestors. His English wife had gone, taking his sons to learn the traditions of Harrow or Eton. He was alone in the silent house, with its diminished demesne.

Yesterday there had been the earl's auction. The new aristocracy had bought what they wanted; moved gaily through the vast rooms. Men whose fathers had stood bare headed before his father, kept their hats on when they spoke to him; showed that they no longer thought it an honour if he gave them his hand. Their daughters, dressed in the current fashion, did not even seem to see him.

To-morrow a Religious Order would take possession of that house where large house-parties had been, before whose door the hunt had gathered, out of whose stables racers for the Curragh

and English races had gone. In those rooms the laughter of youth well born, well bred, had often sounded. In one he had met Annabel, the Saxon, the girl with eyes that made you think of the sea, very beautiful, the girl who had become his wife. She was going to know and love " the dear Irish people," she had said. Last week she had gathered her children to her arms, spread out her wings, and flown back to Saxonland. He could see the teaching Order coming into the great rooms, their students, a string of peasant boys, behind them.

Those shreds and faded threads on his hands blistered and cut in. He searched for contempt, tried to recapture scorn, tried to find an equilibrium in which life and its contrasts could be steadied. Self-esteem and pride seemed to have gone with the foundation that had crumbled beneath him. Mind and spirit had nourished themselves upon what the hand had held, what the eyes had claimed, upon the quarterings of a coat-of-arms. What they had held, what they had claimed were now as words visible for a moment on the blackened phantom of a paper that the fire had consumed. Those men of the soil, those men of the shops, had wounded him, and he was ashamed of the wound, yet felt it.

Up the long avenue, between the rows of huge-stemed trees, by thickets of rhododendrons, came half blind Curly, the aristocrat, high pilgrim of charity for forty years ; client of great houses, his patrons his friends. Their marriages, their incomes, the big and little details of their lives, were the large pages of a book of life known intimately to him, thumbed with curiosity and reverence, with shrewd interest, read here and there with closed lips. A reflection of their grandeur and wealth had shone upon him in his orbit of three counties. Now they had fallen and fled, his living stocks and shares, and he sorrowed as he stood by open gates, and heard the ring of axes in the woods, and looked up the neglected avenues. He sorrowed not alone for the generous hand, but for the vanishing of friends within whose lives the roots of his were mingled. His mourning was different in place and circumstance from that of the Poets who had mourned the passing of the nobles of the Gael when the Elizabethan deluge swept in. Those singers had been a flame ; their fire, hate and scorn for the supplanters whose descendants Curly mourned. Passive, no element of nationality in his grief, he saw them passing, the book closing while the story still held him.

He came up the wide steps before the open hall-door, his

stick striking each step as he went up, and his dim eyes looked into the place of remembrance, of splendour to his vision, and rested on the bent figure. He stood still, and called into the splendour and place of remembrance words framed of ancient greetings and blessings.

"The blessing of God to you, sir, and the blessing of His Mother. I hope you are in good health, and may you ever be so and all that belong to you, rising and sitting and sleeping, and the Angels of God protecting you. And may we all have a happy death—and the Graces be with us then—though may that day be far from you yet. And her ladyship, too, with the full hand of charity. And Master Herbert and Master Wilfrid, with their hair the colour of the bouchalans, and the thricks and spirits in them—the blessing of God and Mary on them—they were racing their ponies through the park. 'Curly,' they said, 'who is the best jockey?' How could I tell! They were aqual, I did be telling them. May the Hand of God be over them and over this house, and yourself, sir. And it won't be feeling the time long going from you till ye are all together again in this grand house."

There was friendship, respect, even something more that seemed like homage in the beggarman's voice. The brooding man looked up; a grave smile crossed his face. "You are welcome, Curly," he said, "come in."

The stumping of the large travel-worn shoes, the stroke of the stick on the hall, seemed carrying back things on the eve of flight, things open to the vision of the mind. To him who had been looking through a broken gateway into the sombreness of a land where the values of life had changed, a land of disrobing, a land without reparation, there were in the beggarman's presence a return of those things that come from the Eternities, which no fate can kill. His face brightened. The rock tomb opened into the wideness of a field meeting the dawn. Something warm touched him. Something that came in in the dingy, stained folds of the traveller's coat, that was shed from the head with its patches of skull and wisps of iron grey hair as it was uncovered and the weathered hat held low; that ran in the sunlight of the heart from which the tones and words had flown.

"There are three things," he thought, "that the monster Democracy can never kill—loyalty and affection and reverence; and the brute tries to kill the first and the last."

The Son of Learning

A Poetic Comedy in Two Acts.

By Austin Clarke.

ARGUMENT :

How a hungry Scholar outwitted an Abbot and expelled the demon of gluttony from a King by the merry device of eating an excellent supper that was not intended for him.

CHARACTERS :

King. Woman.
Abbot. Demon.
Scholar.
Monks. Lay Brothers. Mendicants.
Period : Middle Ages.
Place : Abbey of Corc.

ACT I.

The Guest-house : a large hall with arched walls, central door with steps, doors to left and right leading to cloisters. In the gloom candles on the deal table light only the faces of the beggars, some of whom wear ragged Irish cloaks. The Red Beggarman is lanky, tall, with foxy hair and a patch over one eye. The Amadan, or Natural, has matted hair, in a glib, as behung as a bush over a holy well. A pilgrim crouches in the shadow by right door, with staff and scrip. The Beggars are eating loudly and talking, but the Latin chanting of the monks in the Chapel can be heard outside as the play begins. The beggarmen speak in a childlike sing-song.

Old Blindman : Ssh ! Holy men are praying for the king.
Amadan (*jumping up*) : O, O, O !
My little milk-tooth is spilled, is spilled. There is
A devil in the baker's heel.
1st Lameman : Had I
That heady buck-tooth that I weaned at Michaelmas
In Cashel Fair when I was daring man
And bucking horse, I'd bite.
2nd Lameman : A lucky bit.

BLINDMAN : Ssh ! Holy men are praying for the king.

A BEGGAR : Like buckets in
The well of knowledge, hierarchies go
Up and down.

2ND LAMEMAN : . . . . I did.
I seen you ducking in an empty barrel,
A cockshot for the boys.

1ST LAMEMAN : It was
A stand-up fight, a roaring battle, tooth
And toe-nail.
(*They squabble*).

BLINDMAN (*dreamily*) : Their lovely prayers will cure the king.

RED BEGGARMAN : O there was many a fine horsey fight
In the old days before the hunger came.

OTHERS : *In Bantry and Kilkenny town*
There's fine accommodation,
And featherbeds are shaken down
For every occupation.
O lashings of rich bragget,
Ripe buttermilk and beer,
With plenty for my faggot
And nothing for your dear.

OLD BLINDMAN : My curse upon you all,
I cannot say my beads.

RED BEGGAR : Those were the days
For cadging the red pence until the king
Took bad and ate the people out of pot
And pocket.

1ST LAMEMAN : I've seen them that had a fine shop
Skelping a half-wrung goose along the road
Or minding an aged hen.

AMADAN (*running from pilgrim*) O, O, O !

OTHERS (*to Amadan*) : Green droppings of a goose upon you.
Quit
The man.
(*To Pilgrim*) Was it a flighty woman
Scalded your heart and set your mind on heaven,
Young fellow ?

1ST LAMEMAN : He is too pure and knowledgeable
To sup with rags and lazybones.

2ND LAMEMAN : On bran
And * * * cabbage.

BLINDMAN : The holy man is on
Retreat.

RED BEGGAR : Aye, crops are black
And party men say that it is a woman's
Fault. I had a wife, O a fine shifty woman,
But * * * *

OLD BLINDMAN : They are a lying pack
And great deceivers.

A BEGGAR : What was the name
The priest wet her with ?

1ST LAMEMAN : Ligach.

2ND LAMEMAN : The daughter of Maeldune.

BLINDMAN : An idle rip.

1ST LAMEMAN : It was a little apple that she sent
The king.

AMADAN : Give me a napple.
A napple.

RED BEGGAR : 'Twas him, I say.

LAMEMAN : 'Twas her.

RED BEGGAR (*rapidly by rote*) : Her wicked brother when
She was to wed the king of Cashel put
A pagan spell into the pip that he
Had learned from poets.

BLINDMAN : God preserve us from them !

RED BEGGAR : The poor king ate the pippin and began to
Swell.

BLINDMAN : God help us all !
God help us !

RED BEGGAR : There was a maggot in
That apple.

AMADAN A napple in that worm.

RED BEGGAR: It turned
Into a demon and that demon made
The poor king eat from fire to bed and back.

A BEGGAR: Where is the demon?

AMADAN: In his belly, fool.

RED BEGGAR: Now that I have my second wind, begod,
I'll tell the tale or burst. Be quiet now.
O men, the king grew ravenous, roaring,
Rampaging as a yellow lion. No food
Could race his hunger. On the marriage day
He gobbled up the banquet while the bride
Was in the chapel.

LAMEMEN (*together*): He was guttling in
The kitchen.
Scraping pan and crock.
His head
Was in the pantry.

BLACK BEGGAR: It was,
For I was there.

RED BEGGAR: She said she did not care, that
She would marry him another day and
Cure him.

BLINDMAN: The hussy.

LAMEMEN: The king is hiding
Here.
She could not follow him
Here.

RED BEGGARMAN: No, no.
He came here for the blessed cure.
They say a wandering scholar said between
Two publichouses that the poor king took
Four roasted boars, eight heifers on the jack,
A draining barrel and a sack of apples
To whet his royal appetite before
Each grace, and yet that hungry demon howled
In him for more.

OTHERS : It was Mac Conglinnë
That made the rann.
He tied the knot upon
The tale.
They say he was
In Tirnanogue.

BLINDMAN : A vagabond,
A rogue.

RED BEGGAR : They say he was in Hell, boys.
He went down by the black mouth of the Red Lake.
He cheated the devil himself at a burning game
Of cards.

OTHERS : The people say he knows
All tricks and magic.

RED BEGGAR : A wicked unbeliever.
A great deceiver.

OTHERS : And he can dry a cow
With seven rhymes.

RED BEGGAR : O anybody could
Make poetry if he were lazy enough.

(*They sing this catch, each line in turn*).

The king was growing thinner,
For the demon ate his dinner
Of a thousand crubeens,
Pots of new beans,
Tripe and trotters,
Fish caught by otters,
A bag of onions,
Old and young ones,
Beef and sirloin,
Those we'd purloin.
A lake of milk, a sea of beer.

OLD BLINDMAN : *I'd swim in it and have no fear.*

ALL : *We'd swim upon those tides of beer*
And pray no shore was ever near.
(*Ad lib.*).

(*A lupine howl is heard outside. They retreat in terror*).

AMADAN : O, O ! The demon in the king.

OTHERS : Maybe
He heard us talking of the food.
He roars
Because the king is fasting.

AMADAN : I am glad
He is the right side of the king.
(*They creep back to table*).
O, I
Could do with a demon or two if I had been
A king and well-to-do.

RED BEGGAR : Aye, but the demon gets
The food.

AMADAN : Aye, but the king has got the taste
In his mouth, not in his guts ; and what's in food
But the tasting, the sweetness, the juiciness of meat,
The sloppiness of custard, the sourness of green apple,
With crunching, munching, scrunching ? Aye, it's all
Between brother tongue and gum. What is after
The taste but belching, roaring winds and a heart
On fire ?

BLINDMAN : What are you paring,
Boy

AMADAN : My nail.

OTHERS : I smell.
Though I've but one eye,
I see
Cheese.
Cheese, the little grandson
Of milk.
Where did you steal it ?

AMADAN : It was a tinker's wife
That gave it to me.

OTHERS : You have stolen it
And must go to confession.

(*They quarrel over the rind while the Amadan whinges*).

RED BEGGARMAN : Now give me the loaf,
For once I was a carpenter.

(*A beggar throws the bread, which falls with a loud sound as a young Lay Brother enters from Left*).

LAY BROTHER : Who threw that stone ?

BEGGARS : Nobody,
Good Brother, nobody.

BROTHER : O *panis, panis,*
Bread, blessed bread. Ungrateful mendicants,
To waste good bread out of our very oven,
When there is hunger in the fields, to turn
Your unblown noses up at this pure leaven,
When the king, the very lord of the land,
Goes empty.

(*A lupine howl outside*).

Get to bed now, Lazarites ;
To bed now, for the king is coming from his cell
Lest you offend his grace in sight, in hearing
Or in smell.

Brother.

BEGGARS : Good Brother.

BROTHER : Go now.
Go. (*All but the pilgrim go to the flocks hardly to be seen in the alcoves*).
(*To pilgrim*) : Go.

BEGGARS : There is no tick
For him.

BROTHER (*to Amadan*) : Share with this man of sin.

AMADAN (*Terrified*) : No, no.

BROTHER : Share now.

AMADAN : No, daddy, I saw . . .

BROTHER (*to pilgrim*) : These strolling saints are
A plague. Better than you had been thankful
To pull a blanket.

(*He takes out the candles, and the moonlight shines through the broken roof.*)

1ST LAMEMAN (*hopping out*) : O, O, the devil's in my doss.

2ND LAMEMAN (*bouncing out*) : He has me in his clutches.
BLINDMAN : Can ye not bear this cross ?
OTHERS : He's cured them of their crutches.
BLINDMAN (*hobbling out scratching himself*) :
A thousand devils bite me,
They hurry now to spite me.
OTHERS : Back, back, the king.
(*Dumb shew : from right door, procession of Monks in cream habits, with lit tapers ; the King, a tall, bulky, sinister figure, cowled in black, his golden crown peeping out, led by the Abbot. The King glides as by an invisible compulsion towards the table, but is guided past by the Abbot. The Pilgrim follows with supplicating gestures, but is waved back by the monks as they pass out through left door*).
BLINDMAN : His eyes were fire
OTHERS : Poor king.
He stared
Upon the board.
The demon in him
Growled.
The palmer caught his habit.
He was
Begging.
He was stealing
Out.
OLD BLINDMAN : Sssh ! Say your prayers and go to sleep.
(* * * * * * *Sudden silence, gradually broken by snoring. A loud knocking is heard at the central door*).
BEGGARS (*waking*) : Bad luck to your
Black music.
Who is it that is pulling down the
House ? Get up, Amadan.
AMADAN : No, no. It is
The tinker's wife.
OTHERS : Why did I suck those eggs ?
Why did I whip the poultry into my bag ? . . .
And milk the nannie ? . . .
Skim the churn ? . . .

RED BEGGARMAN (*uneasily*): It is
My wife. I know her fist.

BLINDMAN: Sssh!
Let on to be asleep upon the roost.

(*Silence. The door is pushed open slowly, and the Scholar stands on the top step in the moonlight. His clothes, thinned by skies, should suggest those of the wandering, mediaeval students of Europe, the* vagi scholares goliardi seu bufones, *as they were named by Church Councils, but with a racial or bardic touch. He acts all the time, obviously with an eye and ear for his immediate audience*).

SCHOLAR: If there is anybody in this house
Of holiness, awake or in his sleep
My blessing on him. Rain has risen now
From the cold stone of music, and there's no star
But can be found in water . . . .

(*Stumbling down the steps, angrily*).

My sudden curse
Upon the threshold, on the journeyman,
The hammer and the chisel. Goban Saor
Fuddle the mason and the carpenter
Of the crooked plane, and may they never hear
The harp again.

I am half famished, surely
With the cold drizzle of the glen.

(*Searching around*).

Nothing,
Nothing, nothing at all. I cannot smell
The shadow of a bacon rind. To-night
No rat would drip out of the black waters
Of Lee to this bare house.

My bones
Are sore, I will lie down upon a bed
Until an angel come.

(*Goes over to flocks*).

The beds are full,
But empty sleepers you will feast in dreams
As I to-night.

(*He sits on table and takes a cruit or small harp out of a sack. The beggars sit up*).

Song

We have borrowed the five lands and kept ourselves
Alive, and we have been cold bedfellows,
For all our years are Lent, yet we must fast
To-night that beggars may think their broken heads
Are bound with gold.

(*Tuning with a jack*).

Would I were in a turn of Kerry,
Eating blackberries out of my left hand.

(*He chants*).

Macgillicuddy of the Reeks,
My praise upon the hilly woody land
Where ruddy brambles are dark with feasting wings,
There in the grass the wind runs as a filly,
Could I sing as freely, it is I
Would praise Macgillicuddy of the Reeks.

(*He walks about, muttering*).

But I could swear as I came to the light,
Growing in wet bushes that the Red Swineherd
Had lost a pig to-night, for, by the smell,
The little monks were marrying fat bacon
And curly cabbage.

(*An old Lay Brother enters from the left with a basket and bit of candle*).

BROTHER : Who is it that is there ?

SCHOLAR : Frater dilectus,
Pax tecum.

BROTHER : O, it is a Son of Learning.
Our Father Abbot thought he heard a row.

SCHOLAR : A row ?

BROTHER : A cow ? No, no, a breach of rule.
He sent me here, he did, with simple food
And silence, for this is a day of fast

" Go, Brother Ruadan," says he, " for it
May be a sinner that has drink in heel,
Or storyteller, sure the air of night
Drives in queer soles. The king is meditating,"
Says he, " and must not be disturbed."

SCHOLAR : The king ?

BROTHER : Yes, yes.
The king is fasting for a week
To vomit the red fiend of gluttony.
But come now, Son of Learning, to the refectory,
And put yourself before the fire and wash
Your feet. Supper is loud upon the spit,
And you shall eat.
My sight is turning grey.
Give me your gospel books.
(*He comes upon the harp*).
Holy Saint Barra !
It is a poet.

SCHOLAR : Frater, I am a Son
Of Learning, and I have read in the book
Full of green dragons and of holy language
And red gold cherubim. I can recite
The pious lives of Patric, Bridget, Maeve
And Nuadha of the Silver Hand.

BROTHER : No, no,
The Abbot has been bothered lately by
A school of poets. You must lie here
Until the bell of dawn.

SCHOLAR : I can amuse
The king with merry narration.

BROTHER : You must stay here.
This is your ration.

SCHOLAR (*takes up hunk and mutters*) :
The naked bread is blue
With cold.

BROTHER : Speak loud, for I am soft of hearing.

SCHOLAR : This goodly bread is whiter than the flower
Of wheat. I think that it was ground
Within a golden quern.

(*Taking up cup of whey*).

Poor cow, rest, rest in peace,
For you have been eaten many a day since this
Was milked.

(*To Lay Brother*).

The paschal richness of the grass
Is in this cup.
Good Brother, we will make
A song upon the fare.

BROTHER : O, I will call
The Abbot.

SCHOLAR : No, you'll stay, my Brother.

BROTHER : I
Must ring the Vesper.

SCHOLAR (*pushing him on stool*) : You shall pray with me
And ring the Glorias.

(*Extemporising to strings*).

Were I in Clare of the ships,
Drinking with fishermen, I would not care,
Not I, not I, until the keg ran dry,
Or were I sailing on a windy morrow
By Tory, where the barefoot women work
And a man can take a bellyful of ease,
Nor fear the rats of sorrow.
Were I backward
At a lake, and reeds were slipping their young shadows
Like black eels, I would take no care, not I
Not I.
But in Corc of the big-tongued bells
Where I put my foot in the coldness of day
I will not eat the holey bread nor drink
The parish whey.

(*He suddenly realises that the Brother has stolen out during the song*).

Now that he is gone,
I might as well gnaw at the speckled dough
Myself, for I have had no scrap to eat
Since dawn but the grey berries at the Well
Of Loneliness.

(*He turns to table in time to catch the Pilgrim, who has stolen out to snatch the food, roughly*).

Robber, light-handed pilferer,
Plunderer of eggs beneath the clucking hen,
Poacher of woods and rivers, you'd take
The poet's bite. O, here's good money for song.
But I will fight you. Off with your stolen coat,
Your belt, if you're a man.

(*Cloak and cowl fall away from a slender, beautiful young woman, bright-haired and strange in the moonlight*).

A woman !

(*Beggars swarm out*).

BEGGARS : She's mine.
No, mine.
She's mine.

SCHOLAR (*driving them back*) :

Back, fleas and rags. You'd rob me, poachers of wood
And river, red-handed pilferers, bagmen,
Would steal the phoenix on her fiery egg.
Back, or you shall pace by the cold seas
Of Tirnanogue this night.

(*He turns to her*).

O Fairywoman,
What hill untroubled by the day
Or meddled dance has blessed this house ? Are you
Etáin, who washes in a basin of gold
With carven birds, or that horsewoman, Niav,
Taking the fences of the sea ? Are you
The wife of the musician, Craftinë,
Who was unhappy when the holeheaded flute
Began to play, and so is lost forever
In the grass and cannot find her lover ? Tell me,
For I have heard such music to-night, I fear
The waters work in my mind.

(As he is about to sweep the cup and bread from the board, she runs to stop him).

WOMAN : O,
I am so hungry.

SCHOLAR : I will call food
For you, the pure white bread and honeycomb
That drips the summer, dishes of rung silver,
A skin of wine the wearied sons of Tuireann
Drank in the south.

WOMAN : You dream,
And what shall I do now in a hostel for
Men.

SCHOLAR : I dream of the large ruddy fires
In a fairyhouse and of the beaching noise
In waves, that dance as jugglers when they fling
White knives, that we are playing at the chess,
With Bishop, Knave and King upon the board,
For you are more beautiful than Deirdre or
Than Maeve.

WOMAN (*flattered*) : I think you praise a dream,
Or a woman that is dead.

SCHOLAR : Have I not
Followed your bright heel on the road as a farmer
The price he will get at the big fair, even
To this house ?

WOMAN : I heard a little music
About the stones, but when the twilight stirred
The bushes I was full of fear, and I
Came in. (*Weeps*).

SCHOLAR : I'll be an abbot
To-night, and I've a trick or two of tongue
Will cure the king, for I have been acquainted
With that most famous juggler, Mannanaun,
Who runs from lordly fire to fire when he
Has wearied of the cold warrens of the wave
To mend the table for a farthing's worth
Of praise from men by pulling a supper, a hound
Or music from his pocket. He's the patron saint
Of merry rogues and fiddlers, trick o' the loop men,

Thimblemen and balladmen that gild
The fair, and his devotions are the crowd,
For he looks on until the sun is red,
The tide turned, and the drink and the horses are gone.

WOMAN : These are but words.

SCHOLAR : Have I not seen an angel,
Bright as the rainy bracken of a gap,
Last moon because I had no supper ? I will have
Excellent food brought down in tablecloths
From heaven.

WOMAN : Want
Of food has made him dream.

SCHOLAR : To-night I will
Entice the demon from the king that souls
May huddle in the hospice of Lough Derg.
I'll deal a merry pack of words will make
You queen.

WOMAN (*surprised*) : Queen !

SCHOLAR : And sanctify this house,
That foreheads will be thumbed with holy ashes
Again, big drovers stumbling as their curses,
Carters and men that lean with the old wheel
Outside the forge all day, will come like boys
Capping their way to Mass.
These beggarmen,
To double their spit, will have a barrel
Large as the turfstack of a parish priest
And full of . . .

RED BEGGAR : Beer !

(*They swarm out, crying " Where ? " " Where ? "*).

SCHOLAR : Come all you rogues, make merry and rejoice,
Dance, rags and bones, for you shall feast to-night.

(*Beggars dance and caper in a ring with linked hands around the Scholar and the girl, singing*).

Buttermilk and beistings
Enough for seven feastings,
Boiled green cabbage and white bacon,
Everything that we can take on.

Let the poet court her
While we drink black porter.
(*Ad lib.*)

(*Abbot enters with monks ; all run aside except the Scholar*).

ABBOT : Fellow, what is
This hullabaloo ?

SCHOLAR : Most Reverend Lord Abbot, I am a Son
Of learning. I have read the holy book
Filled with green dragons, pious characters
And red gold cherubim. I heard your praise
In Cashel of the kings. I can recite
The pious lives of Patric, Bridget, Maeve
And Nuadha of the Silver Hand.

MONKS : He is a rogue.

SCHOLAR : Most Reverend Lord Abbot, I was filling
These simple ears with news of Barra, Saint
Of Corc.

LAY BROTHER : He made a satire on
The blessed food.

ABBOT : Beggars at the pattern
Will sing this evil word and scandalise
The parishes.

SCHOLAR : Holy Lord Abbot.

ABBOT : Silence,
Fellow. You shall not mock the holy Church,
Nor me, her servant. I am a magistrate,
A man of law.

SCHOLAR : My Lord, I came to cure
The king.

ABBOT : He speaks against the king !
Let him be dipped into the river
At day-ring.

SCHOLAR : I can make another satire
To raise a purple blister on your back
With little brethren.

ABBOT : He threatens me !
Harper, you shall be whipped with more than rhymes,
For I have great power in the land.

(*Monks discover the Woman*).

A woman.
He has dared to bring his sin, his wench, his baggage,
His hedge companion here. Holy Saint Kevin
Defend us !

SCHOLAR : She is more beautiful than Deirdre
Or the woman of the burning town.

ABBOT : He contradicts me !
Am I not a bishop ? Have I not
A mitre, a golden crozier, a red carbuncle
On my finger ? Have I not secular power
Am I not a prince in my own right ?

SCHOLAR : Good Monk,
Good Monk, before your crook was jewelled
Columbkille opened the heavy door of praise
For us. My mind has broken fast in schools
Beyond the Shannon where the saints live. I
Have read so bright a book that kings
Warred for the lettered dragons and the gold.
Harper I am, now, a rogue for merriment,
A ballad-maker, a juggler at the fair
Of gaping, a wandering scholar in the glens,
With rain and hunger stitching in my bones,
But I'll not praise your Lenten bread nor drink
The parish whey . . . .

ABBOT : The law
Of church in land has made the mind of man,
That is the troubled body of the soul,
Obedient, but the holy order, work
And prayer, the mortar of this house, are mocked
To-night. It may be that the demon in
Our king has turned a bad mouth from the road
To be a rod. Bring all these simple guests
To sleep in the cells—there is corruption here—
And send the woman to a convent. Let

This man count up his sins upon the hour
And pray. There is a cross upon the Hill
Of Ravens where the bones of a malefactor
Are chained, for, when the breath has suffered, God
Has mercy. I will try this wicked man
Within my court to-morrow.

(*The guests, menacing the Scholar, are hurried out. He turns to the Woman, who walks past in disdain. Amadan comes to the crestfallen culprit*).

AMADAN: Frater, pax
Tecum.

(*Scholar alone. He tries all the doors, and sits down in an attitude of despair. After some time the Dies Irae, Dies illa is heard faintly without as the Curtain falls*).

END OF FIRST ACT.

Book Reviews

Scenes from Irish Clerical Life.

The Reminiscences of a Maynooth Professor is, decidedly, a book of first-rate Irish interest. Many volumes have been written on Irish history in the last thirty years, but none from this angle. And from what more important angle could Ireland be considered than from that of Maynooth, which is the centre of Catholic Ireland ? It is true, of course, that the Irish Catholic bishops express —not infrequently—their opinions on the nation and its affairs ; but on such occasions they exclude from the nation what is not its least significant part : themselves and their affairs ! It is like Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. Father MacDonald's survey, on the other hand, is inclusive ; clerical politics always seemed to him to be of not less account than lay, and not less worthy of intelligent attention.

But before going further, certain explanations should be made. This book has been badly received in Ireland—or ignored. It is possible that Dr. MacDonald is felt to be a dangerous subject. He was engaged during the course of his life in many controversies which brought him into the position of a critic of the "ecclesiastical system of the Irish Church." Also he wrote several books on theology and metaphysics—most notably a work *On Motion*—which were condemned. Indeed only one of his books escaped the censor. Thus he acquired the reputation of being a modernist ; although I do not think he applies this term to himself in any of his writings. He took the modern scientific criticism of Christian doctrine seriously ; that is, he thought it required another answer than a sneer, and was not certain that the "prayers of St. Patrick" alone would secure even Ireland against the influences of European rationalism. In his book *On Motion* he hoped to help to harmonise the "sciences of theology and philosophy" with the "recently ascertained results of chemistry and biology." This was his aspiration ; but it encountered no sympathy—to say the least—from his superiors, or from the ecclesiastical Press in Ireland. The story of his frustrated effort will inevitably confirm many Protestant and free-thinking readers in their view of the illiberalism of the Roman Church. Correspondingly, the champions of Catholicism, especially the self-constituted ones, must tend to regard Dr. MacDonald as a deserter in some sort from the colours, or as at best a "defeatist." One such champion, a local journalist, has indeed proposed to find the root of the trouble from which Dr. MacDonald suffered in the fact that his mother, as the *Reminiscences* record, used to be a good deal with the wife of a Protestant clergyman ! The truth is, however, as Mr. Denis Gwynn, who edits the *Reminiscences*, says, no one ever less deserved the "easy accusation of anti-clericalism." My own impression—that of a non-Catholic, for what it is worth—is even more emphatic. I understand after reading the *Reminiscences* that Dr. MacDonald was not a man of amenable mind and character. He was the sort of man who when business has to be gone through will stop the proceedings in order to refer back to first principles ; the sort of man who is called a crank or (in the newspapers) a metaphysician. He was bound by his nature to be in trouble with, and to be troubled by, the authorities, whatever sphere of activity he had chosen. It no more follows that he was anti-clerical than (it follows) that the member of a

deliberative assembly who is always "rising to a point of order" is an anti-parliamentarian. In truth, the rare thing in Dr. MacDonald's standpoint was a consistent clericalism. His interests extended widely, and were not confined to the world of thought; but in all his judgments of public affairs and of events (and he was a keen student of the latter) he sought guidance from theology and tradition of his Church. Daniel O'Connell's celebrated but superficial declaration ("we take our religion from Rome, our politics from Home"), which had become in Dr. MacDonald's time the national device, supposes that religion and politics can be separated and kept in watertight compartments. Against the muddled thinking that this saying of O'Connell exposed Dr. MacDonald was always in arms. Precision was a passion with him. He was clerical, not in the sentimental fashion, but systematically, after the Continental manner. If as a rule he was out of sympathy with the opinions of the majority of his co-religionists on political issues, it was because the majority of his co-religionists seemed to him to adopt in politics—often with the encouragement of their Bishops!—a fundamentally anti-clerical attitude. His theory of the State was the direct antithesis of the Protestant theory. Nevertheless, as a result of its strict application, he found himself more than once, notably during the conscription controversy, on the same side for *practical purposes* as the Protestant party in Ireland and the *Irish Times*. Such are the ironies of our politics!

His story may now be shortly summarised. He had, like another and greater philosopher, the county of Kilkenny for birthplace. His parents were bilingual; but he saw Irish die out in his childhood at Mooncoin. "We had every opportunity of learning Irish—every enticement, almost, to learn it, except that, in our ignorance, we despised it, and those who spoke it also." He went to a mixed school at Carrick, and noted that the Protestant lads were "rougher and bolder" than the Catholics. In 1865 he became a pupil at St. Kyran's College, in the town of Kilkenny, and thence entered Maynooth. Government then had resigned all control over Maynooth, as a result of the passing of the Irish Church Act. Dr. MacDonald studied metaphysics under Dr. Hackett, "who did not seem to have any interest in Philosophy." In mechanics, "we heard of potential and kinetic energy, of which the former was due in some way to position, while the last was due to motion; but how position should generate energy we never asked, nor what was the relation between motion and kinetic energy." . . . "As regards matter, we were told that it was all made up of molecules and atoms, these latter being of seventy different kinds, more or less; but we had no notion of the deeper and subtler theories that Professor Thomson, Tait, Clerk Maxwell and others were propounding about the time; theories which coincided so remarkably with what we read in our books on metaphysics about First Matter." In Theology the only adversary that was recognised was dogmatic Protestantism in its various forms; no one troubled about the Rationalists, or the Kantian criticism of knowledge, or the agnostic materialists. This conservatism, he says, very nearly drove him out of the Church. On the other hand, his personal impressions of Irish clerical life in these early days, as distinct from his intellectual impressions, were wholly agreeable.

He taught for a while at St. Kyran's, Kilkenny; then returned to Kilkenny, becoming five years later, in 1888, Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment. Here, following the tradition, it was his custom to preside at the disputations

among the students ; but felt it necessary, as his predecessors had not done, to make his students " face the really important points." These points had to do with knowledge of nature (which for Dr. MacDonald is philosophy) and the history of certain events connected with divine revelation : two of the sources of the science of theology, as Dr. MacDonald understood the latter, the third being " the deposit of faith once for all committed to the keeping of the Church." There was room for important disputation, " because there is comparatively little defined even as to the content of the deposit of faith, and it is only the definite teaching of the Church that may not be in error." At the same time it is Dr. MacDonald's complaint that ultra-conservative theology, with its insistence on non-definitive teaching, has plunged many souls into misery, such as he himself barely escaped. In the *Reminiscences* he defines his position as follows :—

> If it came to a choice between definite teaching of the Church and any scientific conclusion, however widely received, the duty of a Catholic theologian would be clear, in peril of ceasing to be a loyal Catholic . . . . (but) I managed to get over any difficulties that arose, partly by satisfying myself that the conclusions of physical science, in so far as they are opposed to any definite Church teaching, are not such as commend themselves to a prudent man ; and, in other part, on the ground that when such conclusions cannot be rejected in prudence . . . the (Church) teaching in question may be regarded as non-definitive. . . . This implies, no doubt, that there were parts of the traditional philosophy and theology that I rejected.

Besides the conflict, " sometimes real," between the modern physical sciences and the theological science of the Schoolmen, there was also the " apparent conflict" between historical criticism and the "deposit of faith." This latter conflict, he tells us, caused him for many years the " gravest anxiety " ; but finally he solved the difficulties raised by a resort to more " liberal principles " : what these principles were is not disclosed in the *Reminiscences.*

The occasion of the breaking of the storm was his attempt to reconcile certain beliefs of modern Science with the traditional philosophy of his Church. He hoped that his book *On Motion* would show how the traditional philosophy might be maintained, a little modified, and as modified receive a new strength from the new knowledge of nature provided by Science. But a certain chapter : *De modo agendo Gratiae in Natura,* was at once challenged by the Senior Professor of Theology at Maynooth as clearly opposed to faith ; and, as a sequel, the assembled Bishops instructed Dr. MacDonald to submit his book to the judgment of the Holy See, and meanwhile to abstain from what might be regarded as his peculiar teaching. While obeying, Dr. MacDonald objected to this method of treatment. " For if you take any new opinion and send it at once to Rome, what can you expect but condemnation ? " The method adopted insisted on immediate judgment, prior to such discussion among " pious and learned men " as might have revealed the innocuous character of the opinion in question, and so have caused the Roman officials—" a couple of second-rate theologians "—to feel more tolerant. *On Motion* was condemned in 1898 by the S. Congregation of the Index.

As regards this central event of Dr. MacDonald's life, should we applaud the Irish reviewer who said that he would not deal with it, since it turned (fortunately, he suggested) on matters which lay readers could not be expected to

understand ?* Are laymen, then, not competent to judge of fair play, or its reverse ? Dr. MacDonald's complaint is that he did not receive fair play ; that his doctrine was hastily prejudged, not that it was misunderstood. As for the doctrine or thesis itself, it is abstruse, in the highly technical form given it by Dr. MacDonald. But the problem which he attacks is one of the elder problems of modern philosophy—and one in which, assuredly, others besides professional theologians may be permitted to take an interest !—that of the interaction of the soul and body. How far are states of minds to be accounted for by bodily movements ? Will it not be fatal to transcendental belief if states of mind are reduced to machines, like the physical Universe. One method for preserving the autonomy of the soul was that of the Occasionalists, who suggested that the interaction was only an appearance : thus the motion of a creature is not caused by the will of a creature, but on the occasion of the creature's will God causes the motion to take place. In this way mind and body were kept independent of each other, and materialism was refuted ; at the same time Occasionalism seemed to deny true efficient causality to creatures, who became merely occasions of active interference on the part of God : the doctrine, therefore (which was propounded by an Oratorian priest, Malebranche, in the early eighteenth century) was not accepted by Catholic philosophy. It appears that the Irish theologians took Dr. MacDonald for an Occasionalist. He had written that " every action of a creature, natural as well as supernatural, is a motion ; *which does not proceed from the power (of the creature), but from God, by whose action it is infused into the power.* The words underlined are those to which objection was raised at Maynooth ; if an agent did not originate its action, but only received it, in what sense could it be said to act ? Dr. MacDonald, however, had convinced himself that a creature might become truly active—an efficient Cause—by reason of an action received entirely from without ; and should he be right, then all was well, and theology need not quarrel with the " tendency of the moderns to regard all energy as kinetic, and to explain all changes in matter as the results or effects of motion communicated and transmitted." He noted, too, with satisfaction how closely the great masters, Aristotle and St. Thomas, had connected efficient causality and motion ; quoting Aristotle's definition of " efficient cause " as an extrinsic principle from which all motion flows.

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* Last winter when in an Irish hotel I overheard a lively and intelligent discussion among some readers of Dr. MacDonald's book (laymen), who seemed to be particularly interested in his metaphysics.

† To the end one Church definition with anathema attached continued to cause Dr. MacDonald anxiety (p. 401), namely, the decree of the Council of Trent as to the human soul being substantial form of the body. In what sense, he asked ? How is the matter of the body in need or capable of substantial form ? Is it that the soul acts as a source of energy ? But is there any smallest fragment of the energy of the human body that does not come into it from the ether as to any other machine ?

The passage shows to what a degree Dr. MacDonald was obsessed by the materialistic or mechanistic explanation of the physical universe offered by nineteenth century science. Is there any escape from general materialism if that explanation be accepted, unless through a metaphysics that is *not* based on physics. Dr. MacDonald held that metaphysics must be so based. His fellow Kilkenny man, Berkeley, thought otherwise ; it was Berkeley, also the author of a book *On Motion*, who first attacked materialism from the other end, as it were, *i.e.*, by questioning the validity of the philosophical pretensions of Science. " The mechanism of God and the mechanism of matter, were," says Whitehead, in his *Science, and the Modern World*, " the monstrous issues of limited metaphysics and clear logical intellect.

The Parnell crisis now came along and afforded Dr. MacDonald a new distress. He speaks of the struggle in a mind trained conservatively in the Catholic tradition, when "it had to decide whether it would sympathise with the Irish people in their unconstitutional struggle." He had, as a tenant farmer's son, a natural sympathy with the Land League; but he disliked English Liberalism, and it was the English Liberals unfortunately who were on the side of the Irish tenants. Then came the Divorce Court proceedings against Parnell, and this increased Dr. MacDonald's perplexities. For, first, he could not hold with the Parnellites that the Bishops had no right to interfere in a question of politics, even where a moral question was involved. The Parnellites were challenging the English Liberals by retaining Parnell, at the same deriving their defence of Parnell from an anti-clericalism which was at the root of English Liberalism. On the other hand, the Bishops, in their anti-Parnellism, were permitting themselves to be dominated by English Liberalism, which had its own reasons—that had nothing to do with the interests of morality—for desiring to be rid of Parnell. Moreover, he suspected that though the Bishops claimed to speak merely in the interests of morality, "this was not their only, nor even their strongest motive." Then, leaving aside the question of motive, he decided finally against the action of the Bishops on the ground that although Parnell's continued leadership would have a "serious religious and moral aspect," it was not a principle of Catholic ethics to find a people guilty for retaining the political services, if these were considered valuable, of a leader who had been convicted of adultery. It is interesting to compare Dr. MacDonald's account of the reaction in Ireland to the Parnell divorce proceedings with that given by Mr. St. John Ervine in his recent biography, *Parnell*, a book full of brilliant, if often hasty, generations. The problem so closely analysed by Dr. MacDonald does not exist for Mr. Ervine, who, in his blind impatience, cannot even conceive it as existing for others. Yet Dr. MacDonald frankly shares the Protestant writer's view that in the revolt against Parnell outraged morality played the smallest part.

Henceforth the ecclesiastical state of Ireland and its heads were a constant object of Dr. MacDonald's criticism. I enumerate a few of the more important matters in which Dr. MacDonald interested himself in vain: the O'Hickey case, the Managerial question, Cattle Driving (!), the University question, Sinn Féin, Conscription. I say in vain, because in his views on all these matters Dr. MacDonald always found himself sharply opposed to the prevailing tendencies in his Church. He championed Dr. O'Hickey on material grounds of justice when the latter was deprived of his chair at Maynooth for attacking (or rather for the manner of his attacking) the Bishops who had pronounced against making Irish an essential part of the curriculum of the National University. He wished before the National University had been established to see the Irish Catholics "come

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In the first quarter of the eighteenth century George Berkeley launched his philosophical criticism against the basis of the whole system" a basis that for Dr. MacDonald was still sacrosanct two centuries later. With the aid of Berkeley, though without accepting his "idealism" (that is, the theory of the non-existence of matter except in percipient mind), Dr. Whitehead finds that "the whole concept of materialism only applies to very abstract entities, the product of logical discernment, and proposes to regard the "concrete enduring entities as organisms": a doctrine that does not seem greatly out of harmony with the decree of the Council of Trent.

to terms with Trinity College," because the offer included the establishment of a faculty of Catholic theology on terms of full equality with those enjoyed by Protestants. Whereas, in the National University, as subsequently founded, though there is (by reason of the fact that Protestants do not go there) an almost purely Catholic atmosphere, the professors of philosophy are independent of ecclesiastical control, and there is no chapel of the Catholic (or any other) religion: no home, no domestic discipline, and no religion. On the other hand, he objected, from his " reading of theology and canon law," to the direct control by Churchmen of the primary schools (Managerial Question). He wrote (Cattle Driving) an article called *The Hazel Switch*, in which he justified both boycotting, and that advance in boycotting which not only refused to tend a man's cattle but drove them off his fields, if the cause of it in unjust aggression could be established. The article was written, because he felt in constant dread lest the Bishops, in condemning cattle-driving, should " set themselves against the whole democratic movement and thereby lose the people." By this time, it appears, Dr. MacDonald was suffering from the fixed idea that the ecclesiastical state was rushing to its ruin, and that the policy of the hierarchy, whatever circumstances arose, was certain to be suicidal. He was under the impression that the Bishops were about to condemn cattle-driving ; *therefore*, it at once occurred to him to ask himself whether any reason could really be advanced against this form of pressure. Afterwards, as he tells us quite innocently in a footnote, he " went into the question more carefully, and found that cattle-driving was unjust."

It will be observed that both on the matter of compulsory Irish and on that of cattle-driving Dr. MacDonald was greatly concerned lest the Church should find itself in position against democratic opinion. " The vast majority of the people," he writes, regarded the action of the Standing Committee of the National University in opposing essential Irish as anti-national. However, when during the war the Irish Bishops put themselves at the head of the movement against conscription—a movement which, I suppose, may be said to have engaged popular feeling even more deeply than compulsory Irish or the hazel switch had done—Dr. MacDonald's intellectual scorn knew no bounds. It was then that he wrote his *Some Ethical Questions of Peace and War*, a rather notable book in that it contained an early anticipation of the criticism—now so general in Europe—of the democratic ideology which the Allies emblazoned on their banners in the Great War, and which Sinn Fein had adopted as its device also, for its own purposes. Taking the attitude of theologian, Dr. MacDonald proved—I fancy conclusively—that the doctrine of no legitimate sovereignty without consent of the governed was " false in history as it is in ethics, and almost no less opposed to the tradition of the Catholic schools." Clap-trap phrases like self-determination, rights of nations, government by consent might be " good enough for men like Wilson or Lloyd George," but were unworthy of men who were supposed to have " mastered the science of ethics, as taught in our schools." Certainly Catholic Ireland did descend at that moment to the Wilsonian and Lloyd Georgian level, and adopt the political thought of a demagogic protestantism ; what, however, was the alternative ? Dr. MacDonald says he provided it in his book, as follows : " Political sovereignty may at certain times become illegitimate, making it lawful for subjects to throw off the yoke then, if they can." This, " their most valuable principle," he presented to Sinn Fein, and had no thanks for it. But

the value of Dr. MacDonald's principle to Sinn Fein was provisional, depending as it did on the application of the words "at certain times"; and turning to his book *Peace and War* (p. 175), one finds that Dr. MacDonald did not consider that British Government in Ireland had in 1918 become illegitimate; it followed, therefore, that in his opinion the opposition to conscription, which, as he correctly says, was a kind of insurrection, could not be justified in ethics. However, Dr. MacDonald did, no doubt, succeed, as he puts it, in making the arguments of the clergy look very silly. "It was not pleasant to be shewn up for fools and cowards, just when they had taken so fine a pose as patriots."

The impression left by these "scenes from clerical life" in Ireland upon an outsider, like the present writer, is a mixed one. One can easily believe in Dr. MacDonald's sincerity, and agree with Mr. Gwynn that his real thought was always for the interests of Maynooth and the Irish Church as a whole. But, evidently, he had, now and again, a curious way of dissembling his love. . . ! That he had a rare integrity of mind is also obvious; and his opinions and judgments, whether they be deemed just or not, rested always on an intellectual basis. At the same time, he was much inclined, when in controversy, to attribute to his opponents motives the reverse of intellectual. The frank way in which he accounts, for instance, for the late Bishop of Limerick's change of political opinions rather take's one breath away. Not one figure in Irish clerical life in his account of an experience of forty years approaches the proportions of greatness. There is nevertheless a broad humanity in these pages which is refreshing. In the end Dr. MacDonald seems to feel that the men whose actions and opinions —and even whose motives—he attacks are, personally, his good friends. Arrogance, love of power and obscurantism are defects to which clerical societies are prone. They take, if Dr. MacDonald's testimony is reliable, a cruder form in Ireland than in other countries; but not the least genial form where they are associated with hypocrisy and the pride that apes humility. There is not, I think, a single prig or a snob in Dr. MacDonald's long gallery of clerical celebrities.

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DUTCH ARCHITECTURE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By J. P. Mieras and F. R. Yerbury. (Ernest Benn, Limited, 8 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4. 32s. 6d. net).

The Dutch always held an unquestioned and high position in modern European civilisation, and art and science were never the least of the accomplishments in which they excelled. And here is a volume worthy, indeed, of Holland. M. Mieras and Mr. Yerbury have collaborated with a success that is remarkable. Mr. Yerbury stands out as a living reproach to the present reviewer's belief—that no camera should be used for the illustration of architectural work. No camera, please, except Mr. Yerbury's, which is the exception that proves a very sound rule.

The introduction to this book, written by M. Mieras himself, is the frankest and fullest explanation of modernism in architecture that has yet found expression in print. He has seen the whole problem, and understands meanings, both spiritual and material. Dr. Cuypers, the Dutch neo-Gothite, was the prime mover of a Dutch Renaissance which simply cannot be ignored. He smashed the "imitative" school. He saw clearly that imitation could not only not produce anything new, but must lead to debased copies of good work. He brought the

native Dutch brick from under the stucco which hid it, and his ideas are to be found in the work that he built rather than in any printed words about how things should be done architecturally.

Not Ireland only, but perhaps the whole British Isles, seemed to have omitted to see the intellectual ferment which occurred in north-west Europe at, or about, the close of the nineteenth century. In architecture the movement may be said to have started with the Amsterdam Bourse. Dr. Berlage put the crown of unmistakeable success—that success that calls for and obtains respectful attention from the world—on the efforts of the school of resurrection founded by Dr. Cuypers. What these twain did in Holland (and hence for the world) was to put architecture back into its proper place, which is to be an expression of life and ideas. Here in Ireland most people believe that everything in the building line can be turned out to "standard" plans. Was a more hellish, soul-destroying idea ever conceived by any evil elemental spirit? And yet it is believed in implicitly by people who change their style of garments at the call of fashion. There is hope for the man who tries the adventure of a Fair Island sweater. Perhaps the departure of men from rigid adherence to the funereal garments of the Victorians has within it an indication that the death of standardisation is at hand.

The Dutch Architects are following their own mathematical processes (such they are admitted to be by their authors). They have sought and achieved an architectonic style of an impressiveness that simply demands attention. But it is hard to believe that anything purely mathematical has room for an eidolon. If there be one, the reviewer believes that it may have some relation to the powers of darkness. If not quicker than in other countries, certainly more thoroughly were the possibilities of reinforced concrete put in use by the architects of Holland. They saw at once that no longer were they tied down to arch and entablature, but rather that they had material entirely self-supporting. What have they done with it? The results are buildings of, to some eyes at least, terrifying character. "Built," as an observer of the keenest vision wrote recently, "by Robots for Robots." Is all this work a demoniac apotheosis of capitalism and industrialism? A number of us believe that the quicker the over-growth of cities is checked the better for humanity. There are such believers in Holland. The proof is tangible at Rotterdam, where dockers, when not at work, breathe fresh air and grow cabbages in pleasant surroundings.

Anyway, all the buildings illustrated are, and look, Dutch—and that is high praise. And the country houses are exquisite. They would attract fairies and the elder gods of wood and field. From this the distinguished M. Mieras will detect the fact that he has found a distinctly reactionary reviewer.

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THE HIGHWAY AND ITS VEHICLES. By Hilaire Belloc. Edited by Geoffrey Holme. (The Studio, Ltd., 44 Leicester Square, London. Three guineas net).

Any reviewer of this volume is faced with an immediate dilemma. The pictures are so well selected and so beautifully reproduced (surely this is high-water mark, even for the Studio) that one wishes there were even more than the hundred odd that are given; but simultaneously the idea occurs that for each plate there is one page the less of Mr. Belloc's golden words. And there is, also, the immediate and very apparent difficulty that the volume should be read as a sequel, or com-

plement, to Mr. Belloc's previous book, *The Road*, a work which once read cannot possibly be forgotten.

This book is a study in fundamentals. No one has keener vision of beginnings and ends than Mr. Belloc. Civilisation is marked by roads ; it travels along them ; and when it decays, the roads share in the downfall. The road is a maker of history. In this general direction Mr. Belloc is not so much a pessimist as a fatalist. He sees that civilisation adds to the complexity of life. We make a bridge, or produce a machine. It is done to save trouble, but it entails trouble to maintain the bridge or look after the machine. If, for instance, the culverts and drains necessary to a road are not attended to they choke up. The end of that is the formation of a swamp wherein the road is obliterated. From the swamp comes stagnation and death. All this has happened before. If we grow slothful, the complicated and widespread works of our hands will exact a terrible revenge.

Mr. Belloc insists that it was the vehicle made the road. The pedestrian, or horseman, could manage quite well with a track-way, but the wheeled vehicle demands a road proper. And the more highly developed the vehicle the better road it demands—and obtains. The steam locomotive required a well-made steel path, carefully laid out as to gradients and curves. The paths were made, and *pari passu* with the improvement in railway rolling stock, the permanent way was improved. It is still being improved. And now, before our eyes, we can see that the motor vehicle, as it increases in speed and weight, is demanding a constant improvement in the road, both as to surface, wear-resistance, and elimination of sharp corners. Mr. Belloc regards the invention of the wheel as one of the turning points in history. It might be added that the fixing of a rubber tyre, whether solid or inflated, was almost equally important. The best the early nineteenth century could do was to produce a steel tyre to run on a steel road. Now we have the rubber tyre, and although only in the experimental stage of road-making, we have produced a strength and smoothness of road-surface undreamt of by Macadam or Telford.

There is nothing too great or too small for Mr. Belloc's net. He argues convincingly that the wheel was the invention of one individual, and next traces the reasons why road widths and axle heights are, broadly speaking, standardised. It is sincerely to be hoped that this seer will apply his philosophy to what is, clumsily enough, called "Town Planning." Roads lead into towns, and so crowds are made. But the roads also lead away from the towns, and a crowd that scatters ceases to be a crowd. The road, and its due and proper use, is the remedy for the evils of our towns. J. F. M.

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BULLETIN OF THE JOHN RYLANDS LIBRARY, MANCHESTER. Vol. X. January, 1926. 2s. 6d. net.

The John Rylands Library's *Bulletin*, edited by Dr. Guppy, Librarian, has acquired a wide fame for erudition. I cannot remember a single issue that was not a delight to read, not merely because of its scholarship and the variety of its subjects, but chiefly because of the constant joyous surprise of happening on some rare treasures culled from the MSS. Library collection. The Accessions of Books form a useful aid to other bibliographers and librarians. The Notes and News make a happy blend of personal factors, humanities and enlightened comment.

They mirror the life of academic Manchester. "Dante as Artist," "Lancashire Reformers, 1816-17," "The Apostle Thomas in North India," "On the Stature of Our Lord," "New Light upon Lucretius," "A Charter of Protection Granted To The Nestorian Church in A.D. 1138, By Muktafi II., Caliph of Baghdad" (an important additional chapter to the History of Religious Toleration); "List of Diplomatic Visitors to England" (from Mainwaring MSS.), "The Last Treatise" of Richard Baxter, the famous Presbyterian divine, "Reconstruction of Louvain Library": a sufficiently varied dish to whet the palate of the most exacting literary *gourmet*. We hope that Dr. Guppy will reprint separately Baxter—it is an addition to our knowledge of the economic conditions under which the Poor English Husbandman lived in the seventeenth century; an addition to the Literature of Compassion, to pure literature likewise. How Dr. Guppy was the instrument of as noble an act of international charity as history records is told in cold, precise words. Yet that tale of giving the devastated University of Louvain a new library is a moving story. "One of the first essentials in the organization and equipment of any university is a library, for without one, as Thomas à Kempis has expressed it: 'C'est comme une table sans mets, un jardin sans fleurs, une bourse sans argent.'" There is no better value for a half-crown than this *Bulletin*.

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ST. MARGARET OF SCOTLAND. By Lucy Menzies. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. 8s. 6d. net).

Those who have read this lady's *St. Columba of Iona* will open this work with an anticipatory flutter of pleasure. The anticipation will crystallise into reality. Again she has felt the ancient charm of a beautiful character, and has expressed it in refined, companionable prose. These quoted words form a just characterisation of this saintly Queen of Scotland:—

> The virtuous Lady was compelled to manage worldly matters, yet her heart was far from loving them. By her wise counsel and commandment all was done that was convenient, by her advice were the laws of the kingdom ordered, by her industry God's glory and honour "cheeselie" advanced. None other firm in faith than she, none more composed and staid in countenance. She was patient in suffering, so mature in counselling, so just in judging, so sweet in communication as none more.

The author has used some of the best authorities and has woven out of them a well-told, attractive story. Only a churlish finger would point out some obvious errors in early Scottish ecclesiastical and political history. She offers a salute to Tradition in two instances. The naive biography in the *Acta Sanctorum*—redolent of the simple faith and joyous veneration of the springtime of Christianity—she attributes to Turgot, Margaret's confessor; Simon of Durham's claim is equally good. The legend of the connection of Margaret's family with Hungary is accepted as fact. This work should appeal to those who wish to read their history without footnotes or the other apparatus of the specialists. SEAN GHALL.

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HUMAN SHOWS, FAR PHANTASIES, SONGS AND TRIFLES. By Thomas Hardy. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd. London. 7s. 6d. net).

The basis of Hardy's poetry is an overmastering passion for reality. The one thing apparently that he cannot stand is illusion. As, for instance, he is certainly destined one day to fill a coffin, he wants to get down to the fact and

face it squarely. He does not want to shirk or evade it, or to gloss it over in any way. And so we get poems like "The Six Boards," beginning :—

"Six boards belong to me.
I do not know where they may be ;
If growing green, or lying dry
In a cock-loft nigh."

Or, "Not only I," where a woman ruminates :—

"Not only I
Am doomed awhile to lie
In this close bin with earthen sides ;
But the things I thought, and the songs I sang,
And the hopes I had."

The same fierce and stern desire to find whatever is the truth comes out in his metaphysical poems, like "Xenophanes, the Monist of Colophon," "The Absolute Explains," and others. It is doubtful if the finest poetry can be made out of such a grim earnestness. And indeed Hardy, though intensely interesting in these moods, and in his exposition of the relief his mind finds before the great enigmas of life and death, is more genuinely in the royal succession of poets when he is dealing with less weighty matters. He loves a little plot with some unusual incident of human interest, and it is under such circumstances that his mellow, ripe experience and understanding of humanity enable him to wield his words with ease and weave them into the patterns of his perceptions. His humour, his kindly cynicism, his appreciation of various phases of nature all help to balance his tendency to cry out, as he so often does, in unformulated sound against the underlying senselessness of existence. And, true poet as he is, I think he sometimes manages to evade his mind and slip away for a while to enjoy the pleasures of illusion. As, for instance, "The History of an Hour," :—

Vain is the wish to try rhyming it, writing it !
Pen cannot weld into words what it was ;
Time will be squandered in toil at inditing it ;
Clear is the cause !

Yea, 'twas too satiate with soul, too ethereal ;
June-morning scents of a rose-bush in flower
Catch in a clap-net of hempen material ;
So catch that hour !

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INNOCENT BIRDS. By T. F. Powys. (Chatto & Windus, London, 7s. 6d.).

Innocent Birds seems to me a very good example of the ironic parable. Its only defect from this standpoint is the burst of seriousness at the end. But of course it is a difficult attitude to maintain for any length. The wonder is that Mr. Powys has succeeded to such a great extent. For a clever mind that can see and understand much of life there is only one thing to do, Mr. Powys tells us, and that is to hide somewhere, to take refuge in eccentricity or rusticity or some like subterfuge. Otherwise hearts will bleed and minds will break, and the precious inner life that we all want to preserve intact will be spilt.

Mr. Powys hits out at life, he stalks it, prys upon it, seizes it, shakes it, jeers at it, says clever, savage, wise things about it, and then hides it all in the guise of a parable. It is the book of a man who could feel too much, and think too much, if he let himself go. But he saves his self-possession by creating cruel, tender, grotesque forms and images for human conceptions to dwell in. And though a part of his mind dwells in the valley of caricature now, and sees things twisted and contorted, the great light is showing behind. It is a great art that can touch indecencies and brutalities and yet leave the feeling of purity and sympathy. There is a simple ferocity here that reminds one of the old Hebrew prophets. There is a naked and direct perception of the essential things of life that is quite unlike the ways of modern civilization. The reading of this book wrings the heart and soothes it, revolts the mind and placates it, sends a turmoil through the senses and the deep calm of an underlying peace. I thought him ruthless and coldly and cynically ironical at first. I closed the book feeling in a way I have seldom felt the throbbing flames of a heart burning and consuming with utter love for the pitiable and weak thing called humanity. For no man has lived, or written, in vain who has found and realized, as Mr. Powys has, that God's best gifts to humanity are Love and Death.

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"PORGY." By Du Bose Heyward. (George H. Doran Co., New York. $2 net).

The greatest praise one can give to Mr. Du Bose Heyward is to say that he has made all the characters in *Porgy* live. Most Europeans still think of the negro race in terms of *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* And it is a question whether that "Uncle Tom" ever really lived in an art medium. But in *Porgy* we have a vitalizing and fascinating picture of the black race in Southern America. "Porgy" is a negro cripple, who earns a livelihood by begging. He lives in a room in the negro quarters of the city in which he was born. And all the people who help to make up the tragic environment of the story are of the same class as himself. And the author in telling us about them has produced a profound and moving study of essential human nature. And I think he has proved his fidelity to life and justified his intuition of humanity by the ending of his story. We see Porgy first as a palpitating mass of human misery, scarcely able to keep alive. We leave him sunk in the despair of losing a dope-ridden negress, the wife of another man, who has brought to him a touch of the happiness of social relations. But in the interval Porgy has sounded the heights and the depths of life. And though the book ends on a note of defeat, the reader knows that the resiliency and buoyancy of life will once again raise Porgy on its wave to an undreamed of felicity. I think this point is worth emphasising, for it is concerned with Mr. Du Bose Heyward's artistry. He gives us tragedy and sorrow, not as an overpowering catastrophe, but as the medium in which the faculty of seizing life in its most satisfying aspect can be nurtured.

The book is written in a simple, natural, restrained style which makes its reading delightful. The various pictures and scenes of negro life are told in a lifelike, sympathetic and revealing fashion. There is nothing scamped in it. Every incident is carefully developed and properly treated. The magic of the story-teller is evident everywhere. And the greater art of understanding and recording human motives, of making them living and vital in real human personages, is visible everywhere in this delightful and illuminating book.

THE CHARWOMAN'S SHADOW. By Lord Dunsany. (G. P. Putnam's, Sons, Ltd., London. 7s. 6d. net).

In *The Charwoman's Shadow* we have Lord Dunsany's fancy charmingly set forth in a tender and delicate piece of writing. The tendency evident in *The King of Elfland's Daughter* of making his prose assume the rhythm and cadence of verse is entirely absent here. The prose of *The Charwoman's Shadow* is pure and genuine, and while full of poetic charm and elegance, never in any way suggests the sister art. Simplicity is its keynote, and in the restraint Lord Dunsany has imposed on himself and his refusal to indulge in hyperbole of any sort there is just a trace of monotony and paucity of expression. But on the other hand, it is wonderful what intensity of feeling, what precision of outline he contrives to exhibit, working within the somewhat narrow limits he has set up. The atmosphere of the book is serene and peaceful. The enjoyment of it that was in the author's mind is evident everywhere. It is a delightfully idyllic fairy tale, free from hackneyed expression of every sort, and Lord Dunsany's fancy is quite unlike most other writers of the same class in that it is for ever trembling on the brink of the deeper things of mystical thought and intuition.

There is nothing in *The Charwoman's Shadow* to indicate that it is written in illustration of a philosophical idea of any sort. The author glides from point to point, following willingly and cheerfully the gleam of his guiding instinct. But, nevertheless, his natural affinity for that side of human nature that lies just beyond the borders of the normal is always a drawing tendency in his mind towards the doctrines of idealism. The story tells of a noble youth who, to retrieve the fortunes of his impoverished family, binds himself apprentice to a wizard. Here he meets an aged charwoman, whose shadow the wizard has taken in exchange for an immortality of work in his service. The chivalrous youth regains her shadow for the charwoman, and in doing so finds her changed into a beautiful young girl, with whom he falls in love and marries. All through the book there is the picture of the mysterious wizard, whose strange and unaccountable powers are full of interest. The character of the young man's sister, Mirandola, though reticently sketched, strikes the imagination vividly. Mirandola, "with those lightning eyes under that stormy hair," will not easily disappear from the memory of the reader.

Another intriguing character is that of Father Joseph, the priest, whose facility in determining human motives, due to his professional acquaintance with human sin of all sorts, links him up with the priest-detective Mr. Chesterton is so fond of. I have found *The Charwoman's Shadow* delightful to read, and its consistency of form and alternating wistfulness and buoyancy of intuition, give it the outstanding distinction and merit of a true piece of literary art work.

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ALEXANDER, AND THREE SMALL PLAYS. By Lord Dunsany. (G. P. Putnam's, Sons, London. 5s. net).

I take it that Lord Dunsany intended something more than a historical study of Alexander the Great in the title play of this book. But it is a little difficult to understand his standpoint. The first act excited expectations which the finished reading did not realize. Thais, an interesting lady in the first act, addicted to the service of Bacchus, throws out tantalizing suggestions about the power that woman has over the gods :—

Thais : . . . The gods gave the fate of the World to a woman, Clitus.
Clitus : To a woman ? What woman, Thais ?
Thais : Any woman. The gods care not. It is the way of the gods.

And again :—

Thais : That's the folly of the gods. I told you it was the gods. They are always throwing the world away to some woman. I cannot stop the gods.

This is the idea Lord Dunsany flirts with in this play. Later on we have the Queen of the Amazons telling Alexander of her dreams of a mighty hero who will one day conquer her and subdue her to utter slavery. Alexander says he is willing to try. But he dies before the opportunity arises. And the end of the play is this Queen coming to claim the neglected body of Alexander for burial. I can find no dramatic or intellectual centre in the play. The dialogue is uneventful, and the whole play seems to me to lack consistency of conception and development.

It is quite different with the first of the three small plays, "The Old King's Tale." Here we have a simple idea, which is worked out with considerable effect, exhibiting dramatic appropriateness, and full of charming poetical dialogue quite in keeping with the atmosphere evoked. "The Evil Kettle" is a curious little phantasy connected with James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine. The idea is not quite at home in dialogue form, but it would have made an excellent basis for a short story.

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THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS. By Sean O'Casey. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. 5s.)

Mr. O'Casey is the Dickens of our modern Irish writers. He is excellent at characterization, he loves high contrasting colours, and he is particularly attracted by the eccentric, bizarre elements in humanity. He is also full of sentiment combined with commom sense, and he can touch up and vitalise the most ordinary incident of everyday life. He is, furthermore, a realist, and he very nearly succeeds in saying hard and bitter things, in telling unpalatable truths in a spirit of love. But really he overmasters us by the astonishing accuracy of his photographic detail. He has no particular sense of dramatic development. No matter what happens to his characters in the course of the play, they are just the same at the end as at the beginning. Experience teaches them nothing, does not widen their outlook or deepen their lives in any way. They may be possibly a trifle harder, a little more inured to the blows of fate. That is all. And the same absence of dramatic development is noticeable in the handling of his plot. The story is of the slightest dimensions. One pays but little attention to it. What rivets the attention is the picture that each act presents, complete in itself.

One pauses a little to consider why Mr. O'Casey's plays should have such an overwhelming appeal to the public. And the uneasy feeling arises that his main line of assault is directed towards the emotions of the senses rather than the finer instincts of the mind. Emotion often paralyses and stuns, and in so doing is the enemy of art. The surge of great art elevates and refines, with often the purifying tortures of a spiritual fire. It is quite evident Mr. O'Casey's art does not fulfil this mission. But he gives us a class of humanity that he knows to the bone, alluringly portrayed for an evening's entertainment. Most middle-class people

would object to mixing with such characters in ordinary life. Yet they flock to the theatre, where their offensiveness vanishes in the art of the actor and the stage. Slum life is one thing in reality. It is quite a different thing on the stage. If Mr. O'Casey had been sternly artist enough to force the theatre people to portray its repulsiveness as its dominating feature, he would have been truer to life. As it is, we laugh and sigh with him, all in a spirit of entertainment, at dwarfed, maimed, stunted lives, where the human beauties and virtues struggle hardly for existence, and by reason of their inherent reality cannot be altogether subdued. The debasing degradation in which slum life is enveloped is overlooked. And ruling this, the naked and base fact of the situation, out of existence, we are in a position to laugh and sigh with Mr. O'Casey's improvisations.

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THE MACHINE-WRECKERS. By Ernst Toller. (Ernest Benn, Ltd., London. 1s. 6d. net).

This translation was first issued in 1923, and apparently Toller's growing reputation has called for a reprint. It is a well-constructed and carefully-thought-out play, without, however, the destructive passion that is such a marked characteristic of his more recent success, *Hinkemann*. Toller is one of those writers who presents a definite question to a reviewer. One asks, shall we deal with his ideas or his expression ? Fortunately when reviewing a translation there is no option. In *The Machine-Wreckers* Toller has selected an English setting for his work. The place is Nottingham, and the time round about 1815, and the subject matter of the plot a strike amongst the weavers, due to the introduction of machinery into that trade. Toller, like our own O'Casey, brings a lurid gleam of fantasy into his study of the working classes. But this does not obscure his realization of the realities of life amongst these people, which are so often horrid and revolting. The problems of life pursue people of any class, who are capable of feeling them, relentlessly and insistently. The rich and leisured find relief in many distractions. The poor and workers, in Toller's view, find a similar compensation in beggary and the childish illumination of senility. Most of the wisdom in this play is to be found allocated to the parts of " A beggar " and " Old Reaper," an ancient weaver, past work. *The Machine-Wreckers* is a sad, yet illuminating play. Sometimes the characters speak queerly as Englishmen. This is due to the German bias of the author. The proprietor of the mills at which the strike takes place possesses a mind of philosophical subtlety, which is very foreign from the average British manufacturer.

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THE GREEN LACQUER PAVILION. By Helen Beauclerk. (W. Collins, Sons & Co., Ltd., 8s. 6d. net).

This book is entirely wrought of that disassociated imagination that is called fantasy. Its greatest fault is the impression it leaves of wordiness. This is because, though the style is evenly good all through, rising to excellence in places, the author has allowed too much description of perfectly obvious things to creep in. This nullifies to a great extent the finer delights of this book, of which there are many. With a little elimination, a little more intensity of expression, *The Green Lacquer Pavilion* could have been made a compact thing of beauty, wonder and delight. As it is, it is a most creditable, competent and promising piece of

work. I think Helen Beauclerk has the gift of fantasy-conception. When she has mastered her medium she will be able to work the magic of sense ravishment. And there are signs in *The Green Lacquer Pavilion* of the beginnings of that which may lead to the wisdom and beauty of coherent imagination.

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THE DEVIL. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Aylmer Maude. (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., London. 3s. 6d. net).

This story was not published during Tolstoy's lifetime. And it is a fair inference that this omission was deliberate on the part of the author. A reading of the story confirms this impression. Its issue now can neither augment or detract from Tolstoy's reputation. It is a tale in skeleton. It is naked, repulsive, ruthless, with the hard outlines of bones. Deep insight can make a short story appear as comprehensive as a many-volumed one. But this story is merely sketchy. Even its title is ambiguous, for the reader is left in doubt whether *The Devil* is in the man or the woman. The plot revolves around sexual incontinence in its most commonplace aspect. And it has none of that morbid profundity of introspection that is Tolstoy's most marked characteristic.

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JAMES JOYCE: HIS FIRST FORTY YEARS. by Herbert S. Gorman. (Geoffrey Bles, London. 7s. 6d. net).

This book will be found a very useful guide to anyone who wants to study Mr. Joyce and his writings academically. And of course Mr. Joyce is finally and fundamentally *Ulysses*.

Mr. Gorman will be found of value to the normal mind in the effort to read and understand *Ulysses*. And he also supplies an interesting and reliable *resumé* for those who are unable to obtain a copy of the original.

The author deals chronologically with all Mr. Joyce's writings, and I think he has shown that the Catholicism in which Mr. Joyce was reared, and which he rejected, is still the dominating force behind *Ulysses*.

One error Mr. Gorman commits, and a common one amongst literary critics. He thinks that analysis and specification can interpret. Nothing can do this but the reflection caught from the artist's illumination. Mr. Joyce too often forgets this, and so we find Mr. Gorman writing :—

> "By this time the reader knows Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom better than he knows any friend or relative. Their minds have been absolutely emptied out to the last dirty lees. Not a thought, not even the shadow of a thought, has been left unrevealed. There is not a rag of mystery to cover either Bloom or Stephen."

This sentence Mr. Gorman writes in all sincerity. But, of course, it is palpably absurd. No writer or psychologist could do this. Mind is infinite, and no language can record its infinitesmal sub-divisions. And I am sure Mr. Joyce knows this. *Ulysses* is only the way he has bluffed people like Mr. Gorman. If the impossible had happened, and if Mr. Joyce had indeed divested Bloom and Stephen of every "rag of mystery," they would not be human beings. And Mr. Joyce is not a likely person to fall into this absurdity.

THUNDER ON THE LEFT. By Christopher Morley. (William S. Heinemann, Ltd., London. 7s. 6d. net).

It is somewhat of an absurdity to write about *Thunder on the Left*, for it is essentially one of those books that should be read and not written about. I mean that it is impossible to convey in a review any sense of the magic of this book. To say merely this is bewitching, this is entrancing is so cold and bald. The book deserves more, something better. But how say it? To tinker at the plot by suggesting its outlines would be worse than useless. The thing must be taken as a whole, and as it left the author's mind. And in any case it is too full of half shadows and moon-cob-webs to permit condensing. To give extracts showing the wisdom of the author and his delicacy of expression could be better done. But this would in no wise convey any proper appreciation of the essential charm of its bubble-like poise.

And as for its defects, these could be listed *ad infinitum* according to the sensitiveness and combativeness of the reviewer's mind, without constituting one atom of serious charge against the buoyancy with which the author has eluded all his difficulties.

Thunder on the Left is captivating, stimulating and deligthful to read. The standpoint is fresh, the atmosphere pure, and yet it is also full of good, meaty realism. Not in excess, but sufficient to keep the reader in touch with things that can be felt and handled. The conception is hazardous. And yet one finishes feeling that the author has achieved his unity. To any reader with a spark of imagination or fancy this book will bring one hundredfold its own benediction and justification.

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ROUGH JUSTICE. By C. E. Montague. (Chatto & Windus, London).

I find this the book of a fine, strong mind coming to grips with life. But I think he has tried to cover too wide an area in the careers of his principal characters. The book would have gained by a shortening, a compression of the perspective. Its structural defect is in underlying rhythm. I would not use such a remark in dealing with commonplace work. But there is so much insight and nobility about *Rough Justice* that one feels a little jealous that they do not get the best possible presentment. I would like *Rough Justice* to sing in my recollection as a symphony does. I would like to feel that any incident in its given place was the inevitable thing at the moment. That if it didn't happen just then and in that way the outline would be blurred. And, indeed, I think my own mind is doing this work for me. I am building up a symphonic piece with the Garth view of life as its leading motive, with Victor's tragic destiny as a secondary theme, and find them both merged in the love music at the end, a love which could not find its consummation on any other terms. And so I am afraid my criticism falls to the ground. For the book has done for me that which I set out by saying it could not do. And I am glad to be able to contradict myself. That something beyond me set at naught the words of my brain. I wanted to say that what is keeping Mr. Montague from being the greatest writer of the day is because he can't or won't believe in miracle, because he is forcing himself to find logical reasons for facts whose very existence deny the reality of reason. And I find he has circumvented me. For while I see so clearly what he has not done, a wandering

breath from his book passes by and convinces me that the miracle has been wrought. What can a reviewer do with a book like this ? It won't even let itself be reviewed in a respectable, orthodox manner. It is terribly serious, yet its seriousness in retrospect produces nothing but joy. It is beautifully written, yet its style disappears in the anguish of Victor's fate or Molly's happiness. And its final impress is of a big mind so sincere and natural that it must very soon pluck the ripe fruit of wisdom that alone can satisfy the soul, and find the certitude that Bach and Whitman knew.

In *Rough Justice* Mr. Montague makes much use of the device of contrasting opposites. There is the peaceful, rather meaningless pre-war England, and the sudden transition to the frenzied, deeply moved nation, fighting for existence. There is the simple, undeveloped, tongue-tied nature of Auberon Garth and the clever, versatile fluent-speaking Victor Nevin, his friend. Victor salutes the outbreak of war by high-flown rhetoric which appears to mean that he intends to enlist as a private. And when simple-minded Auberon takes him literally, Victor is ashamed to undeceive him and withdraw. And so the two get drawn into the awful life of training in the ranks in the early days of the war. Victor's constitution cannot bear the strain, and under extenuating circumstances he allows himself in France to become a deserter, and is finally discovered and executed. All this part dealing with the war is amazingly well done. Mr. Montague knows no subterfuge in his writing. The worst as well as the best is told us with the precision of a realist and the idealism of a romanticist. This is really where Mr. Montague's ability is most clearly discernible. He can tell the revolting thing without giving offence. He tells it because it exists and must be told, and he does so clearly and openly, and puts it in its proper perspective. It is because the springs of his art are deep and pure that he can do so, and because his whole nature sways instinctively to an irrepressible demand for nobility and sincerity in life. This gives him that capacious breadth of outlook which prevents his vision from being blurred by either the foolishness of the sincere or the folly of the insincere. Though strongly biassed towards what has to be called the good, he is alive with sympathy for every sort of human life, and finds it hard to describe a really bad man like Lord Follett without becoming a little stilted and artificial, thus showing his subconscious disbelief in the possibility of such a character. The sycophants, the place-hunters, the silly talkers who swarmed in England before the war, and during the war, and who still swarm there, he tosses off with airy deftness, neither accusing nor excusing them, and leaves them to tell their own story. Mr. Montague has pondered the mystery of human life and affairs deeply, and his title is really his explanation of the problem. There is much he cannot understand, and he shows no inclination to get rid of difficulties by the Tennysonian method of the larger hope, but beneath all the inexplicable tangle the mind sees, I think his book points to a conclusion that he recognises that there is an underlying principle of what he calls "Rough Justice." I think this is as far as the unaided human mind can reach by itself. But the more spiritual faculties, such as imagination and insight, which really don't reside in the mind, but hover round and about it, can bring deeper and firmer convictions to those fitted to receive them.

THE EDUCATION OF A YOUNG MAN. By Marius Lyle. (The Hogarth Press, 52 Tavistock Square, London. 7s. 6d.).

I find more fault with the title than the contents of this novel. I can't follow very clearly the course of the education of the young man in question. What I do see is the flaming heart of a young woman. To me this book is feminism unmasked—if you like—betrayed. And I like it. Every bit of it. I don't growl about the improbability of the plot. For it is improbable. I revel in the delight of the clever, cunning, far-seeing feminine soul, that, buoyed on the tide of its own vitality, snatched to itself the outer masculinity it needed for its sustenance in time and space. It is not so much for what it divulges as what it infers that I find this book interesting. The imaginative impact is here. But imaginative expression has not yet arrived. I hope the author's career will show an increasing power to mould the grossness of material things to the dictates of spiritual insight. What predominates most at present is an interest in any phase of humanity that is unusual. It is a good sign. For it shows that the author's view is sensitive. And it may lead to the surprising inversion that always accompanies a perception of reality.

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THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Chronologically arranged. In three volumes. (7s. 6d. each, net. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London).

This edition divides Shakespeare's works into Comedies, Histories and Tragedies, devoting a volume to each. The various plays of the three classes have been placed, as a prefatory note points out, "tentatively in chronological order." The text is from the Globe Shakespeare, and there are readable introductions to all volumes by Mr. Charles Whibley. In these he confines himself to explanatory and appreciative remarks dealing with the main outlines of the plays. There are many illustrations, and the make up of the volumes renders them delightful to handle; the type is of the clearest possible description and is printed on good quality paper. It is altogether an ideal edition for general use, and nothing could be more suitable for family purposes or for school prizes. Most families are encumbered with one of the old-fashioned, bulky and awkward one-volume editions of Shakespeare. There will be no need for the existence of these monstrosities in future, now that Messrs. Macmillan have put this most acceptable edition on the market. There are copious glossaries included in all the volumes.

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HUMORESQUE. By Humbert Wolfe. (Ernest Benn, Ltd., London. 6s. net).

Mr. Wolfe tells us that nearly all "the poems in this volume were written as a whole to form in a sort a continuous narrative." They are mostly lyrical in usual metres, with some pieces of *vers libre*, a few sonnets and several four-line epigrams. The quality of the verse greatly varies, and the narrative is just as the author describes it, "in a sort." It deals with love misunderstood between Pierrot and Pierette, with interludes for Pantaloon, Harlequin, Constable and Stage Manager. Judging the book as a whole, I don't think it is a success. There are fine things in it, but nothing of the enjoyment of the book comes from its architecture. Indeed I found the effort to grasp the so-called "narrative" part worrying. And I think one could with some show of probability pick out the spontaneous items incorporated afterwards into the scheme, and those that exhibit the constraint of being written to fit into the structure. I can imagine

the sort of book Mr. Wolfe wanted to write. And I sympathise with him in his aspirations. For the ordinary book of verses, no matter how good, has always something lacking. And I think lyrical poets have always been trying to accomplish the apparently impossible task of writing with passion and purpose at the same time.

The principal thing about Mr. Wolfe is that he has a note of his own. There is much ordinary and obvious writing in his verses, but every now and then his expression becomes liquid and smooth and incarnates a definite poetical conception. It is nearly always in the lighter moods that this happens. I quote the poem called " Humoresque," as it embodies nearly all Mr. Wolfe'sbest qualities :—

" I think you are a birch and use
a pair of silver dancing-shoes,
so tall, so slim, so whisperingly
you dance as gravely as a tree.

You know how birches in the spring,
lean forward a little listening,
and drop a silver curtsey in
the flounces of their crinoline.

Then, suddenly, becoming bolder,
turn a smooth and naked shoulder,
and, like the eighteen-forties, set
to partners in a minuet.

I think you are a birch, because
no mortal woman ever was
so swiftly still, so unaware
that anyone is watching her,

that anyone is watching, who
might break a human heart in two,
because that cool, bird-haunted, slim
beauty never can be for him."

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THE GREEN PATH. By Alan Downey. (The Talbot Press. 5s.).

Mr. Alan Downey tells us what was his hope in writing *The Green Path* in a prelude to the stories. It is a prelude, not a preface or a foreword, names which would not fully cover his intention. It is to make, however faintly, in the grouping of his words, music, not in sound, but in the thoughts they have captured and try to express. A Celtic rhythm is the illusive basis he seeks. It is not the Celtic Note, outworn, played upon so long by Anglo-Irish writers, which was but the mimicry of the rhythm, and which Thomas MacDonagh visioned through his Mode. It is aerial, it is below, it is between, it is music, it is song, and it is laughter, and it is wailing, it is here and it is there. A Druidic spell, Mr. Downey calls it, that hangs over the woods, the fields and the waters of Ireland. But he is aware how far outside the form of words is the mystic charm ; that it is not matter, though it informs it ; not the woods, or the fields, or the waters themselves, but the veiled vision of intangible things seen through emotion and

dreams and memories. Mr. Downey has reached the edge, if he has not fully placed his feet upon, Hi Brazil. In the story of the red-haired woman with the hidden bronze knife there is strength and austerity, the devil and the flesh, the soul captive, and the soul freed. It is a story of power. Pagan Ireland, stark and naked, and against it the neophyte and the Angel-rung bell. You see the wind in the beard of Hengast in the story of *The Fort of Victory* :—" Hengast, storm on his broad forehead and in his blue eyes, sat with firm-folded arms. His gold forked beard flew like a pennant in the wind. He alone among his warriors wore full armour. He alone, the Viking. His warriors lay groaning beneath him, some because of wounds, some for longing of the lust of the arms and metal they had cast away when in flight, in rout of battle. One, about to die, climbed to the edge of the boat, and with the loud cry of death, gave himself up to the mighty waves."

In *The Magic Doe* rainbow tints and sombre strands are woven together, and sometimes the texture is firm and beautiful, and sometimes it is lost in silvery faeryland. Mr. Downey has been attracted for some time to the Elizabethan period in Ireland and to the Rising of 1641 as sources for his stories. Here, from a tale, *The Heavenly Fording Place*, where Brodir, of Clontarf, dies, he passes on to one laid in Elizabeth's reign. It is all imagination, not history. It even defies history ; but as you read you feel the thing and the scene were possible. " In a dark room, hung with black tapestry," Hugh O'Neill meets Elizabeth of England, and Mary Queen of Scots. All the probabilities are against it ; but all the improbabilities are swept away. They are there, the queens and the man whose right it was to be King of Ireland. Mary is to be beheaded on the morrow. It is a strange scene, and the strangeness and the three figures called from Fothergay, and Windsor, and the new castle in Ulster are in setting, the figures brought together by some force which is not the force of arms, but the force of the watchers of destiny. " For Elizabeth, the Queen of the Sassanach, it is not known whether the room was haunted with fear ; but hers was the haunted face. She sat crooked in the high chair, looking straight down, not seeing anything." And Mary sits " nobly upright upon her couch, her fair long hands folded in the lap that had nursed such loves and conquests." And O'Neill—" In his smooth, neatly bearded face was written only the serious courtesy that men were swift to assume at the masque of the Virgin Queen."

Some of the stories have the briefness of the ending of a tale in Folklore. As thus : the death of the girl in the cart bringing the salmon to her high-born lover, the girl being the figure round which the story winds, is told in a sentence. She comes into the castle where her friends lie murdered by the Cromwellians, and strikes the " black stranger at the foot of the stone stair. She did not live after that." No more ; but you see the killing. In *The Makings of a King* the peasant lover with the blood of kings in his veins is afraid to speak his love to the daughter of the great house. " So she brought her kiss to his shaking and amazed lips. Nothing he then said. How could he, and he gone to her like the world shadow to the silver moon, or Venus in eclipse."

Mr. Downey, it will be seen, puts his words at times into that form which Douglas Hyde was the first to use when he shaped in English his translations from Irish, and in which his imitators have not always been successful. Mr.

Downey, where he uses the idioms, uses them well. *The Green Path* is a book of beauty and passion and more. It gives us glimpses of things deep in man's soul: man the savage, and man in the bindings of civilization. L. MAC M.

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THE GREAT GATSBY. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. (London: Chatto & Windus. 7s. net).

Mr. Fitzgerald tells his story with some art, and his ability in evoking a scene in a few words compels admiration. In this instance we do not think the story worth the telling. Undoubted talent should not be wasted on the poor material of the melodramatic corruptions of America's over-rich "smart set" in post-war times. Horrible thought, can Mr. Fitzgerald's novels be a product, rather than an interpretation, of that particular class in that phase? We enjoyed Mr. Fitzgerald's earlier novels more than *The Great Gatsby*—but then we took them in monthly instalments in the *Metropolitan*. Technically the book is a credit to the publishers. C. H.

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LOLLY WILLOWES, OR THE LOVING HUNTSMAN. By Sylvia Townsend-Warner. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. net).

Readers who, beguiled by the publishers' puff, hope to derive from this book any crude supernatural thrill are doomed to early disappointment; those, however, who care for fine writing, for an irony as subtle as Jane Austen's and for a passionate sense of the underlying tragedy of human life, particularly women's life, will be charmed and fascinated.

The story falls automatically into two parts. The first deals with the life of the orphaned Laura Willowes at Apsley Terrace, the residence of her brother Henry, a respectable lawyer, and his dutiful but dull wife, Caroline. The descriptions of this devastatingly conventional Victorian household, with its tyrannical schedule of aimless activities, are quite masterly. Though to all appearances a well-behaved spinster lady, Laura knows herself utterly alien to such a life. "While her body sat before the first fires and was cosy with Henry and Caroline, her mind walked by lonely seaboards, in marshes and fens, or came at nightfall to the edge of a wood." Unable at last to bear the stifling *bourgeois* round any longer, and spurred by the thousand intangible hints with which the invisible world assists its devotees, she goes to live at the village of Great Mop, in Bucks. It would be unfair to the reader to enlarge on the curious spiritual adventures that here befell her. Each person's hidden country is different and coloured by their own personality, and Laura's seems to me a peculiarly beautiful and interesting one. Of the Deity into whose power she surrenders herself I can only say that every age has given him different names, and that those who like their black to be black and their white to be white may be irritated by an interpretation which has more than a little in it of Blake's

> "The Son of Morn in weary Night's decline
> The lost Traveller's Dream under the Hill."

Miss Townsend-Warner also deals exclusively in the finer shades. The standard of good writing seems to have improved of late, and many novels are published in which the actual technique is far above the average, but whose deficiency lies in their complete lack of feeling or imaginative thought. The

opposite is true of *Lolly Willowes*. Behind this perfection of style, so remarkable in a first novel, there is sensitive comprehension and wide emotional sympathy. Here and there are deliciously witty things, such as Satan's story of the brilliant young author who sold his soul on condition that once a week he should be the most important person at a party. The last few pages provide a subtle and unexpected climax that could only be achieved by a poet's impassioned thought. The format and printing are appropriate and pleasing. M. S. P.

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KING HENRY THE FIFTH'S POET HISTORICAL. By W. F. P. Stockley, M.A., T.C.D. (Heath Cranton, Ltd., Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4. Price 7s. 6d. net).

The involved title of this brilliant volume is a miniature of its contents. Professor Stockley sets out to study the personality of Shakespeare's Henry and elicit from it Henry's real self. He does not succeed in leaving in the mind any clear picture either of the King or of the Poet Historical's attitude towards him. As a classical Shakespearean study, therefore, the book seems to fail. But as a "talk about Shakespeare" and his plays it is engrossing. It is the talk of a man of great learning, having Shakespeare as his principal subject and allowing himself to roam over the whole field of war-ethics, nationalism, Anglo-Irish relations, religion, etc. Professor Stockley strives to disentangle from Shakespeare's text, written, he takes it, to please post-Reformation audiences, the Catholic character of King Henry. But although he does give us a glimpse of this aspect of a majestic personality he himself becomes entangled in his own erudition until one sighs for a mouse—an editor's editor—to loose him. Baffling as his book becomes under the influence of an involved style and an incorrigible tendency to fly forward to Mr. Lloyd George and backward to Saint Augustine, yet it is delightful reading. F. G.

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LETTERS OF CONSTANCE LYTTON. Selected and arranged by Betty Balfour. (Heinemann. Price 7s. 6d. net).

What is told in this selection of letters has been often told in acts in Ireland. It is a record of a noble woman's sacrifice of everything for a Cause. Lady Constance Lytton, daughter of a British Ambassador at Paris, sister of a peer, relation or friend of many of the ruling and most conservative families in England, hears the call of the suffrage movement, and with passionate sincerity answers it at the moment when "suffragettes" are the object of popular revilement, misunderstanding, and contempt. Her sensitiveness doubling the agony of it all, she preaches to jeering mobs the justice of "Votes for Women," joins in public processions, which are brutally broken up by the London police, goes to jail as a criminal, hunger-strikes, endures the torture of forcible feeding, becomes a "militant," and only lays aside the burthen of service when, wasted by hardship, she falls a victim to paralysis on the eve of the turn in the suffrage tide. To the end, which did not come until 1922, aften ten years of almost complete disablement, she remained a great woman democrat, her faith burning whitely to the last, her power to inspire remaining with her always. The book cannot be read in this country without exciting veneration for one who battled so bravely and at such cost for justice to her fellows. FRANK GALLAGHER.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MEDAL. By Edward Thompson. (The Hogarth Press, London. Price 5s. net).

This is a book to wring men's hearts. It relates, though solely from British sources, the almost unbelievable story of the suppression of the Indian Mutiny. For the dignity of human nature one would wish such a story were never told, were it not that without its telling it would be impossible to understand the spirit of India to-day, or to realise the depths from which its hatred of England springs. One closes the book sick at heart, and yet grateful to its author for making known what writers of English history have conspired to keep from the world when they substitute for truth a fable which is a libel upon India and a creator of that very psychology which made the Mutiny "frightfulness" possible.

To shock the English people into appreciating the real Indian problem Mr. Thompson has written his book. He does not advocate Indian independence, nor call for Indian Home Rule. His mission is to unite the two nations, oppressor and oppressed, in a friendship real enough to allow Britain to admit an enormous wrong and make atonement for it. He seeks, too, to shame out of print an accepted story of the Mutiny which is mere anti-Indian propaganda. There is not space to quote at length from Mr. Thompson's pages, but two or three excerpts will show in what spirit Britain dealt with a revolt provoked by her own acts, which culminated at last in an attempt to make the violation of their profoundest religious beliefs the test of her Indian subjects' loyalty. Like most long-suffering peoples, the insurgents were guilty of excesses. The memory of the ferocity with which these were punished blazes still in India. Field-Marshal Lord Roberts served as a lieutenant through the Mutiny. He writes home to his mother :—

> "The troops assembled at Jhelum, and we have come along this far, doing a little business on the road, such as disarming regiments and executing mutineers. The death that seems to have most effect is being blown from a gun. It is rather a horrible sight, but in these times we cannot be particular."

Sir John (afterwards Lord) Lawrence advises a subordinate what to do with a large batch of prisoners :—

> "I would not put them all to death," he writes. "Our object is to make an example to terrify others. I think this object would be effectively gained by destroying from a quarter to a third of them. . . . All these should be shot or blown away from guns, as may be most expedient."

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THE INTERNATIONAL ANARCHY, 1904-1914. By G. Lowes Dickinson. (London : Allen & Unwin. 17s. 6d. net).

In these days of superheated nationalism, when dictators are springing up like mushrooms throughout Europe, and the Moloch of militarism seems to be supreme, it is refreshing to find that there still are sane men in the world. Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson approaches the problem of the Great War in a spirit of which, unfortunately, there is little trace in the works of most apologists of that tremendous disaster. He sets out to analyse its causes objectively, in an honest endeavour to break through the barriers of prejudice, of passion, and of stupid pride that stand between humanity and the truth ; and he succeeds to a degree that might have been considered impossible at such close range to the events with which he deals.

Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht. One day the world will attribute the war to its real sources ; but that day is not yet. In the meanwhile every belligerent seeks to throw the whole blame on its former enemies. No Englishman doubts that Germany not only wanted, but deliberately provoked the war. No German will believe that Russia was not the villain of the piece. And so the heartrending process of mutual suspicion and distrust goes on. Peace is a sham ; for there can be no peace without confidence. Another war is a certainty ; for it is only by means of war that Europe's crazy system of international polity can be preserved.

Mr. Lowes Dickinson sees the danger of a new conflict, and tries to warn the rising generation against it by a ruthless exposure of the tricks and the deceits, the intrigues and the lies that hitherto have passed for diplomacy. His analysis of the manner in which the Great War was made inevitable by the events of the decade which preceded it is admirable. He guides the reader's steps through a maze of diplomatic manoeuvres, showing how now this and now that alliance is discarded, the opponent of to-day becoming the sworn supporter of to-morrow ; how patriotism is exploited for commercial gain, and how the great mass of human kind is led, sheep-like, to the slaughter, waving its flags and singing its songs of home, while the sinister hands of high finance pull the puppet strings.

He lays bare with the sure stroke of the surgeon's scalpel the miserable chaffering of the Powers over Morocco and the Near East. All were equally unscrupulous ; all were equally unctuous in their protestations of altruism ; none dared to stand aloof from the treacherous game that was being played at the hazard of millions of lives. Which of them to-day can throw the first stone ? "Woe to the conquered." Germany has been forced in the Treaty of Versailles to acknowledge her sole guilt ; but truth will survive the victor's laurels, and at the bar of history Germany will not stand alone.

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TWO VOLUMES OF SHORT PLAYS.

TRIFLES AND OTHER PLAYS. By Susan Glaspell. (Benn, 7s. 6d. net).
SEA PLAYS. Edited by Colin Campbell Clements. (Holden, 7s. 6d. net).

About seven years ago *Trifles* was read as part of an evening's entertainment by the Drama Department of a certain Woman's Club somewhere in the United States. The reviewer happened to be one of those present. Later in the evening he was approached by two dear ladies who asked in all earnestness what the play was about and what it meant. These ladies were not by any means deficient in intelligence, and it must be confessed that this reviewer had deliberately gone to the entertainment in order to see how the work would be read and what its effect would be on the audience. He was familiar with this and other plays which Mrs. Glaspell had had published in the United States long before her name became known on this side of the water through *The Verge* and *The Inheritors* (her greatest play). He was not surprised at the enquiries of the two ladies. He was surprised that only two confessed themselves baffled, and he is not yet convinced that those who read the different parts understood the play. *Trifles* is, in all probability, the best and the most subtle short play written in America as a result of the Little Theatre movement. The author wrote it and most of her

other plays for the Provincetown Players, and they were produced for the first time by that group in their little shack theatre located at the end of an old disused pier in Provincetown, Rhode Island, or at their later Playhouse in McDougal Street, New York. The Provincetown Players have now, alas ! passed, but their playhouse still retains its name and is run by a syndicate composed of Eugene O'Neill, Robert Edmond Jones and Kenneth MacGowan as an experimental theatre. Many of the plays produced have, however, been published, and they hold a very important place in the Little Theatres which are so numerous on the North American continent. Next to Eugene O'Neill, Susan Glaspell is the greatest discovery to the credit of the Provincetown Players. But it would not be straining the point to say that Mrs. Glaspell is the equal of O'Neill. Her field, however, lies in another direction, and she is more versatile than the erstwhile sailor turned playwright. The volume to hand contains seven plays, two of which were written in collaboration with her husband, the late George Cram Cooke, better known as Jake Cooke. Of the serious plays, *Trifles* stands out as the *piece de resistance.* Written about ten years ago, it is still fresh in its appeal as a stage play, and that is a test few plays by American authors can stand. It also has the merit of reading well. Of the comedies, *Suppressed Desires*, a satire on the psycho-analytical craze, is the best. It, too, reads well, and it holds its place as a successful vehicle for Little Theatre groups. The comedy, *Tickless Time,* leans somewhat to the farcical. It plays better than it reads. Of the other serious plays in the volume, *The Outside* is a study of the coastwise folk who reside near Provincetown and their resentment of strangers who come to live amongst them. These New England coast dwellers are a people apart from their inland neighbours as much as the mountain folk of Carolina and Kentucky are from those of the cities in those states. They are gloomy and dour, and they live very much within their own circles. Susan Glaspell knows them, and she has faithfully portrayed them in *The Outside.* In this little play she touches lightly on the psycho-analytical, which she later developed in *Bernice* and brought to its full height in *The Verge.* The volume is worth possessing, if for *Trifles* and *Suppressed Desires* alone.

The title *Sea Plays* suggests Eugene O'Neill, but Mr. Clements has not included in his collection a single work of that author. This is probably due to the fact that Mr. O'Neill's acting fees are beyond the reach of the Little Theatres which Mr. Clements had in mind when he prepared his volume. Many of the plays are somewhat fantastic, but we recognize at least three, *The Brink of Silence* (Esther E. Galbraith), *Sintram of Skaggerak* (Sada Cowan) and *Will-O-The-Wisp* (Doris F. Halman), as popular favourites with American Little Theatre groups. Susan Glaspell's *The Outside* is also in the volume, as well as *The Rusty Door,* by Howard Southgate. All the plays make interesting reading, and *Just Two Men* (Eugene Pillot), judiciously divested of some of its sentimentalism, should prove to be dramatically effective on the stage. The publication of collections of short plays is increasing on this side of the ocean. In this respect the United States is far ahead, but the growing number of amateur dramatic societies in Great Britain and Ireland will undoubtedly encourage publishers to follow the example of their American brethren.

J. J. H.

THE BEST POEMS OF 1925. Selected by Thomas Moult; the decorations by John Austin. (Jonathan Cape. 6s. net).

The publication of these anthologies has become quite an event of the year, and the present volume is in every way equal to any present-day anthology I have seen. The standard of the work contained in it is extremely high, and Mr. Austin's "decorations" make a very pleasant addition to the text. It would be difficult, and undesirable, I think, to single out individual poems where all are so excellent, but the greatest value of an anthology is, perhaps, its capacity for discovering new poems for us, and amongst the "discoveries" of the present volume (I can, of course, only speak for myself) are the poem called "Vision," by May Thielgaard Watts, and in a lighter vein, the delightful rhyme by Geoffrey Dearmer, in which he tells us, in lines that are worthy of Gilbert at his best, that

"You may abuse any beast you choose,
Tiny or little or big:
From the elephants down to the pigmy shrews,
From elephants up to the crowned hoopoes,
Only you shall not dare
To abuse the things they wear!

Things which are never too loose or tight,
And never too heavy and never too light.
But absolutely,
O so minutely
Adequate, suitable, right.

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THE NEW CRITERION. A Quarterly Review. April, 1926. Vol. IV., No. 2. (Faber & Gwyer, Ltd., London. Price 5s. net).

The New Criterion is certainly living up, in an admirable way, to Mr. Eliot's outlined suggestion in the last number of what such a review should be. In the prefatory "Commentary" it introduces the question of the state of European culture at the moment and its relation to freedom of opinion. The writer paraphrases an address by Herr Max Scheler, in Berlin, in which the present intellectual position in Russia, America, Italy, Spain and Germany, is briefly but illuminatingly summarized. The first article, "Defence of the West," is by M. Henri Nassis, editor of *La Revue Universelle.* In this he argues cogently and interestingly that Germany has never really participated in Latin culture, and under the guidance of Spengler is hastening to develop its natural affinity for Eastern thought. He also notes the same tendency in Russia, and realizes in this simultaneous movement in two great empires a serious menace to Western European civilisation. The article is not concluded, and we must wait for the next number to find out what M. Nassis means by "Defence of the West." There is an article by Mr. W. B. Yeats, entitled "Our need for Religious Sincerity." Mr. Yeats' subtle charm of thought and expression appears here, though I think he rather overrates the importance of the incidents which gave rise to his article. I find the book reviews of very high quality, and the comprehensive survey of foreign periodicals of great value; and Mr. H. J. Massingham's "The Finding

of Merlin " will be much appreciated by all who care for that most mysterious and fascinating personage. The one weak element in *The New Criterion* is poetry. I wonder why this should be so ! Finally, I must not forget to mention " A Night at Sea," by Ivan Bunin, translated by Natalie A. Duddington. It deals with the loss of love, the loss of life, and pretends that men can be numb about these. The mood seems real ; it parades persuasively as such. And yet I know it is only a passing spasm of unreality.

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BOOKSELLERS' CATALOGUES.

In their new Spring catalogue Messrs. Foyle, of Charing Cross Road, London, offer collectors a really choice selection of desirable First Editions at moderate prices. Amongst items of Irish interest we notice Yeats' *Poems* (1899-1905) for the low figure of 12s. 6d., and the rare *Report of the Trial of Smith O'Brien for High Treason* (1849) for 10s. 6d. For those who like fine binding and printing the Nonsuch, Ricardi and Golden Cockerel Presses are well represented.

List 84, which we have received from Messrs. Sawyer, of Grafton Street, London, is a representative selection of nineteenth century literature, including Autograph Letters, Manuscripts and Modern First Editions. The prices may appear somewhat high to collectors of limited means, but on the other hand the name of Sawyer is a sufficient guarantee of excellence of condition. We trust that the first item in the list—William Allingham's *Songs, Ballads and Stories* (1877), a presentation copy to George Eliot—will meet the eye of some Irish collector who can afford the £6 10s. asked for this very desirable association volume. No. 116 in a same list is a complete set of First Editions of Thomas Hardy in the original binding. There are 49 volumes in all, and the catalogued price is £275.

A very prettily-produced Catalogue is the hundred and forty-first from the well-known house of Messrs. Dulau & Co., Cavendish Square, London. It is chiefly devoted to rare First Editions, ancient and modern. For James Stephens' *Green Branches*, which was published in a limited edition of 500 copies, £1 10s. is asked, whilst Liam O'Flaherty's *Civil War* (1925), one of 100 copies signed by the author, is priced at 12s. 6d. It is pleasant to see even the youngest of our Irish writers already attracting the attention of collectors.

The most comprehensive catalogue of Scottish literature we have yet seen has just reached us from the firm of John Smith & Son, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. It contains no less than 4,483 items, is profusely illustrated, and deals with every period of the literature of Scotland. As a work of reference alone it is a remarkable production, and we would advise everybody who is interested in books relating to Scotland to secure a copy.

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The second-hand book market of Dublin, like that of Paris, is centred upon the quays, and within the past few months two new bookshops—the Dublin Book Shop and the Crampton Book Shop—have come as welcome additions to those we are already familiar with in the neighbourhood of O'Connell Bridge. Both for the collector of rarities and for the ordinary lover of good literature each of these well-stocked establishments is well worth a visit. M. J. M.